

HOW DO YOU LIKE
NEW YORK?

EVA T. McADOO

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New York from Governor's Island.

HOW
DO YOU LIKE
NEW YORK?
An Informal Guide

by
EVA T. McADOO

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1936

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FOR MR. LUCIUS BOOMER,
who suggested this book, and
to whose stimulating encourage-
ment the writing of it is due.

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The First Day

"OH, LET'S BEGIN HERE! Surely this is the very heart of New York," cried my brother.

We stood on Fifth Avenue at the entrance to Rockefeller Center, midway between 49th and 50th Streets. To north and south of us stretched the Avenue, its soaring buildings forming the banks of a ceaseless river of traffic. The sun from a morning sky of clear blue struck flashes from passing motors, from the windows of shops and the burnished roofs of houses. A great department store rose across the street, and in its shadow, dwarfed almost to the size of a village church, lay, quiet and gray, St. Patrick's Cathedral. We stood for a minute longer looking at it all, and found ourselves breathing quickly with excitement and exhilaration.

This was our first day in New York, a day we had prepared for and looked forward to for many months. Scarcely yet did it seem real.

We turned back to Rockefeller Center. Before us lay the entrance way, flanked left and right by the French and the British Empire Buildings. Not very tall these two, built of luminous cream-colored stone like all the rest, they house shops and offices of French and British activities. Beyond them a balustraded terrace extends from street to street. Stairs go down to a sunken plaza,

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galleried about with shops. At the far end, water jets into a series of marble basins, and poised somewhat precariously against the sustaining wall Paul Manship's gold *Prometheus* carries the heavenly fire. Past the fountain our eyes traveled, up and up the dizzying tower which seems to leap into the sky, and the sight lifted our hearts as well.

"I know what that French chap I met last year meant when he said that no one had ever written truly of the beauty of New York. Before he got here he expected to be impressed by the strangeness and size of the skyscrapers, but he thought they'd be heavy and overpowering. Instead, he found they had a quality of lightness and grace—a kind of aspiring quality that gave him a terrific thrill."

The land occupied by the development has had only three owners since it was part of the "common lands" of New York City—a remarkable history for any plot of ground on this Island of Manhattan where steadily rising values have caused most of the real estate to pass through many, many hands, each of the successive owners realizing a sizable profit. In 1801 Dr. Hosack purchased from the City these acres on Middle Road, now Fifth Avenue, and established at his own expense the first botanical garden in the United States, which became famous as the Elgin Botanical Garden. The financial burden was too great for one individual, however, and after a few years the State took it over, and in 1814 gave the Garden and the land to Columbia College. It is Columbia that has now leased the land to Rockefeller Center, a lease which

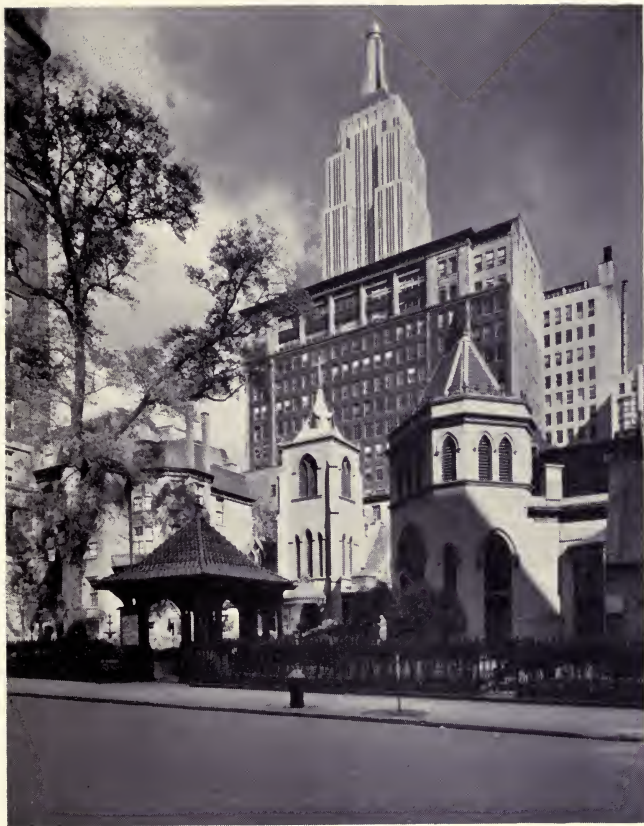


Photo by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

First Day. The Little Church Around the Corner, with the Empire State Building in the Far Background.

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may be extended until the year 2015, at which time all the buildings will become the property of the University without cost. But the southeast corner of the great block can never become a part of the Rockefeller Center development, because some years ago the lot on 48th Street was sold to the Dutch Reformed Church which built its Church of St. Nicholas there and holds the grant in perpetuity.

We entered the Radio Corporation of America Building by the main doorway, beneath the bas-relief of old Father Time with his blowing beard. The regular hourly tour was just about to start and we hastened to join it. When, as we set out, the guide called the Rockefeller Center development "The City of the Future" I wondered if that wasn't a somewhat pretentious name, but by the time the tour was finished I knew it was entirely appropriate.

We went first through the Great Hall, or main lobby, of the RCA Building, where on the walls of the elevator banks are Brangwyn's murals, and on the other side those by José María Sert, a vigorous depiction of man's intellectual mastery of the material universe. "Now I'm more than ever anxious to see the Sert murals in The Waldorf-Astoria," I whispered to John as we turned to follow our guide.

In the British Empire Building we had a glimpse of the exhibition of British arts and industries, and then stepped out into the formal English garden, at eye-level with the spires of St. Patrick's across the Avenue. A garden at such a height is both novel and beautiful, and John and

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I hoped we could find time to come again to see the Gardens of the Nations on the terrace roofs of the RCA Building. As for the time when roof gardens will be the rule rather than the exception in New York—one can imagine what a fairyland it will be!

The interior of the International Building pricked our imagination again. Here, instead of murals, are huge vitrines four stories high, and the advertising exhibits provide not alone color but artistic decoration inherent to the time and place. Is this the interior of the future, perhaps?

This tour proved the least fatiguing of any that I have ever taken, and one reason must be that, since it took in several buildings, we were frequently outdoors. Another reason was the excellence of the guide who, while pouring information into us, succeeded in stimulating thought as well. In the Music Hall he showed us the downstairs lounge which struck us as a bit dark and gloomy at first; but when he told how the subdued color and lighting affect the throngs of people who are constantly passing through as well as resting and lounging here, so that quite unconsciously they speak in lower tones, we could understand the wisdom of it. The lounges of the Center Theater which we visited next were gayer, suggesting the lounges of some fine ocean liner.

The climax of the trip was reached when we shot up the seventy stories of the RCA Building and stepped out on the Observation Roof. There we looked out over all Manhattan and the rivers that encircle it, as well as

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north into Westchester, east across Long Island, south over the harbor, and west over Jersey. It is a view impossible to describe—it *must* be seen! And John and I suddenly realized that we had “done better than we knew” in coming here the first morning of our first day in New York. For from here we could look so intimately down on this city we were about to explore, and pick out by their towers many of the buildings we were going to visit, as well as get a fine idea of direction and locations. Our only regret was that we could not stay the whole morning up there, at ease in the big deck chairs.

“Did you notice the span over the East River far to the north?” John asked, as we came down in the elevator. “That’s the great Triborough Bridge, connecting Manhattan, the Bronx and Queens, which is to be completed in time for the World’s Fair.”

We were anxious to get a glimpse of the broadcasting studios, and went down to the Great Hall to join one of the NBC tours which start every few minutes. Our “glimpse” turned out to be a very thorough tour, which included visits to various types of studios (some while broadcasts were going on), the control rooms, the tremendous air-conditioning plant, and exhibits on everything pertaining to radio, from the studio broadcast through to the reception in your own radio in your own home.

When we came back to Fifth Avenue again, “Where next?” I asked John. We had both read everything we could lay our hands on about New York, past and pres-

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ent, but he it was who had studied maps and made itineraries until, he maintained, he could find his way from the Battery to the Bronx blindfolded.

We crossed the Avenue at 50th Street and paused before the Cathedral, whose gray Gothic spires look across the ages to the ultra-modern towers of Rockefeller Center. And it is said that one of the reasons for building the Cathedral here was that it might always face the green lawns and gardens of Columbia. Pushing open the heavy doors, we stepped inside. After the glitter of the streets it was restful and dim. A sea-water light filtered through the windows of the Lady Chapel behind the altar, and candles glimmered here and there.

"I have read," said my brother, "that the land on which the Cathedral stands was given to the Roman Catholics by the City for the sum of one dollar. A Roman Catholic orphan asylum was built on Fifth Avenue between 51st and 52nd streets in 1852, and the buildings were still standing in 1899, with lawns and trees surrounding them."

We went out into the brightness once more, and continued eastward. "Here is Madison Avenue," I cried at the next corner. "I must have just a look at the fascinating little shops!" And fascinating they are. Jewellers, smart dress shops, antique dealers, interior decorators—they jostle one another in a gay medley that gives the erstwhile staid avenue (named for President Madison) a look of kinship with its Parisian neighbor, the rue Saint-Honoré.

But John would not let me linger. "You can come back

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later and spend all the time you want, but we've got other things to see now."

This block between Madison and Park, and from 49th to 50th, was where Columbia University stood when it moved uptown from Church and Murray Streets in 1857. It took over the buildings which had housed the first asylum in America for the deaf and dumb.

A minute later we stood at Park Avenue. It's not easily forgotten, one's first sight of that brilliant street. With incredulity one remembers that only twenty-five years or so ago, from 42nd to 57th Street it was an open railroad yard with trains grinding along the tracks below the level of the street. Now it sweeps down from the top of Manhattan Island, until it meets the bulk of the New York Central Building at 45th Street and is checked. But not completely, for a ramp carries it around that building, the Grand Central Station, and a corner of the Commodore Hotel, until it meets itself at 40th Street and continues, more modestly now, down to 34th Street. This lower part runs through "the Murray Hill district", famous in Revolutionary history as the scene of the charming Mrs. Murray's detention of Lord Howe and his officers at her tea table while Washington and Putnam rallied their scattered troops and led them back to safety. It was long a center of New York's exclusive social life, and is still a residential haven. Though most of its great houses have been turned into clubs, or torn down to make way for apartments, some still remain, with the dignified air of dowagers refusing to be flurried by this modern bustle. Just one block west on 36th Street, the Pierpont.

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Morgan home, of brownstone, low and unpretentious, and the cool white marble of the Morgan Library take you straight back to the epoch of dignity and ease.

But my anticipations have run too fast and far down Park Avenue, and I must bring myself back to 50th Street—and John, more or less patiently waiting.

We were standing at perhaps the most dramatic point on the Avenue. To the north is St. Bartholomew's, with its magnificent bronze doors in the triple portal which Stanford White designed after that of the ruined Church of St. Gilles in southern France—one of the earliest Romanesque examples of the grouping of three doorways into a single composition. It was this portal which predetermined the Romanesque style of the church which now, with its chapel and parish houses, fills the block. Spaciously terraced, glowing with color, it at once holds and rests the eye. Next, spanning the full block to the south, stands in might and beauty The Waldorf-Astoria. Here is modern architecture at its best. The clear and lovely lines rise straight and free, and just when the eyes might weary, set-back terraces lead them on at a new angle until the top is reached, crowned with its twin towers. Above the entrance, against a bronze and crystal grille, soars that beautiful winged figure by Nina Sæmundsson symbolizing *The Spirit of Achievement*. I wanted to go in at once, but John said no, we would dine there tonight, and return another day to see it all from end to end.

So, firmly, he led the way along 50th Street to Lexington Avenue and turned downtown, talking as we went.

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"Looking at that great thoroughfare, with its towering buildings, doesn't it seem fantastic to think that they are all really standing on the roof of a railroad station? What a feat of engineering! There are two levels of railroad tracks beneath Park Avenue, and the steel supports of the buildings had to be planted between them without interrupting the train service. And the greatest achievement of all was when the New York Central Railroad demolished its power house—the largest transforming plant in the world—to make way for The Waldorf-Astoria. It was rebuilt, one hundred and twenty-five feet down in the solid rock, in another location, and never faltered in its transmission of power to the railroad and the buildings it supplies on the avenue above."

Lexington Avenue is a rather noisy jumble after the spacious splendor of Park Avenue. Hotels and shops, small and large, line it on both sides. Trucks and taxis careen along the surface, beneath it rumbles the subway, while farther still below, trains thunder over the railroad tracks. We passed the Grand Central Palace, scene of the annual Motor Show and many other exhibitions. Every Spring it is transformed into a place of glades and gardens, when the Flower Show is installed. By the Graybar Building we strolled, and looked at the crowds hurrying in and out of Grand Central Station. Across the street stands the Chrysler Building, a glittering spire terminating in the great chromium needlepoint which pricks into the sky.

A short walk east on 42nd Street brought us to the Daily News Building. In the lobby the huge globe—the

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largest of its kind in the world—was, of course, the first thing we noticed. It makes a complete revolution in ten minutes. Watching it, we got a better idea of the land masses and water that make up this world of ours, than we had ever had from the more ordinary smaller globes. Then we turned to the meteorological map which covers the wall opposite the main entrance. Every morning the weather conditions all over the northern hemisphere are charted here—and we were pleased to note that “highs” predominated, forecasting fine days for us while touring New York! When we asked the meteorologist on duty about the charts, maps and various instruments around the walls, he kindly offered to explain them to us, and we came out of the Daily News Building feeling very learned on such subjects as wind velocity and direction, atmospheric pressure, and humidity.

We made our way westward to Fifth Avenue and crossed over to the lion-guarded Public Library. The ground was bought by the City in 1822, for a Potter's Field, but in 1842 a reservoir, Egyptian in architecture, was built on the site. This was a cause of rejoicing to New Yorkers, for water from the Croton lakes was then first piped into the city through the new aqueduct. Until that time, the water supply had been inadequate and not too pure, and fires and epidemics had swept the city again and again. In 1853 a World's Fair was held in the surrounding park, then known as Reservoir Park. It was a failure, but is worth remembering for the fact that then was built, as a side show, the first of New York's towers. Latting Tower was 280 feet in height, and from the top,

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no doubt, visitors looked down with all the awe and admiration experienced by those of today who mount the Empire State or the RCA Building! It met a spectacular end by fire in 1856.

Terraces now surround the Library on three sides, and terraces are pleasant interludes in so narrow and steep a city as New York; behind it lies Bryant Park, comely with its green borders, named for the poet and with his statue there. We walked up the wide steps from Fifth Avenue, glancing humbly at the lion on either side. They are haughty beasts, contemptuous of learning and mankind alike, with perhaps a special sneer for tourists!

Inside the vaulted marble entrance hall we looked about. The attendant at the Inquiry Desk gave us a pamphlet *For Sightseers at the Central Building* and we followed the route suggested, as being the most expeditious way of getting a general idea of the whole place. Many are the chuckles John has had from Washington Irving's *Fanciful History of New York* and he was more than delighted to find the collection of Irvingiana—letters, manuscripts and first editions—in the cases behind the Inquiry Desk. When we passed the Library for the Blind I could not resist stepping inside to learn more about it, and found that the music collection kept in this room is the largest collection of its kind in the country and serves the blind of the whole nation. Up on the third floor the historical maps and early views of American cities interested us greatly, particularly those concerning the early phases of New York. In the art galleries we found two of Stuart's portraits of Washington, as well as paintings by

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Raeburn, Reynolds, Landseer, Turner, Constable, etc. Our regret was that we had not time to study them more thoroughly, as well as the many other exhibitions in the adjoining rooms. We took only a glance at the great Catalogue Room (315), its walls banked with the files in which are catalogued all the million and a half books and pamphlets which make up the reference department.

When we stood on the Avenue once more, John said, "Now for a breathing spell and some lunch. And since we've spent the morning in modern New York, let's spend the afternoon in some of the older parts."

He hailed a Fifth Avenue bus and I followed up the spiral stair. From seats on the top we could watch the Avenue progressing backward, as it were, for we were following it to its source. Between 42nd and 34th Streets, what was once a country road, and later the thoroughfare of fashion, is now the quarter of big department stores. There are two or three on almost every block, and only an occasional church, half hidden here and there, testifies to the different character which the street once bore.

Ever nearer and larger loomed the towering cliff of the Empire State Building. And now we were at its foot. It rises gigantic, dominating and dwarfing the city beneath. We craned our necks and gazed up breathless. "We'll stop here on the way back," said John. "Late afternoon from the tower must be glorious. Just think," he went on, "that's where the old Waldorf-Astoria stood, and was the wonder of its age. Before that, the Astors lived on this corner; and A. T. Stewart, the famous merchant who established the first big department store in New York,

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built his marble palace of a home across 34th Street where those shops are now. New York shifts and changes like a city in a dream."

Half a mile below, Madison Square came into view with its trees and lawns. It was a rocky waste in the 1850's when first it was set aside for a park. And when a few years later the Fifth Avenue Hotel moved up to the northwest corner of 23rd Street and Broadway, it was still so far "out of town" that dire failure was predicted as the hotel's fate! Now, at the north end, Saint-Gaudens' magnificent statue of Admiral Farragut gallantly faces the rushing tide of traffic. The sculptor's *Diana* no longer draws her bow from the graceful tower of the old Madison Square Garden. This building, designed by Stanford White—and by the irony of fate the scene of his murder—was torn down some years ago to make way for the New York Life Insurance Building. (The new Madison Square Garden is on Eighth Avenue at 49th Street.) On the Fifth Avenue side of the park the tall mast of the war memorial *The Eternal Light* bears its ever-burning star on top. Down at the southern end of the Square, Broadway cuts diagonally across the Avenue. It's the most erratic of Manhattan's north- and south-bound streets (of those, that is, which reach the upper part of the city). Many a sudden bend and twist it makes, before it escapes the town at last and joins the old trail up the Hudson, to become one with the Albany Post Road.

The narrow point made by the intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue is occupied by the Flatiron Building, famous in its day by reason of its height and shape.

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Numerous were the pictures and jokes recording the adventures of unwary ladies whose skirts were lifted high above their knees—in the days when legs were “a treat”—by the brisk breezes which whistle around it.

Below 23rd Street, once the shopping center of the town, the Avenue takes on a sober, even a dreary air. Here are loft buildings which superseded the “brownstone fronts” of private homes; and in the upward march of trade these in turn have sunk from their former importance in the wholesale trade. As we passed 22nd Street, John reminded me that Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, used to live at No. 5 West; and that William Cullen Bryant’s home was at 24 West 16th.

Crossing 14th Street, we recalled reading that only a century ago this marked the uptown limit of the city. North of 14th Street was still “the country”. Philip Hone, the famous diarist, made an entry in his journal in 1836 to the effect that he had sold his house at 235 Broadway because he could not refuse such a tremendous price as the sixty thousand dollars offered him, and had moved up to Broadway and Great Jones Street (near 3rd Street). He felt, however, that it was a great hardship for his wife and family to live in a spot so remote from their friends and the activities of the city! The house of Philip Hone’s brother is still standing on the corner of Sixth Avenue and 16th Street. It was built on his country estate about a century ago. I had heard that the beautiful mantelpieces are still preserved, and determined to pay a visit there if possible. The House of Industry has its quarters there now, and the public can enter.

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From 14th Street down to Washington Square we found ourselves in a different neighborhood. Some of the old mansions still remain—remodelled into apartments, and interspersed with modern apartment houses and hotels. In this stretch we passed two churches—one, at 12th Street, the First Presbyterian Church, with a wide lawn at the side, where nurses sat in the sun with their charges playing beside them. On the corner below is the Episcopal Church of the Ascension. "There's a place we must go one day," I said. "The beautiful altarpiece by John La Farge is there."

On the southeast corner of 9th Street, the home James Renwick designed for his father still stands. During the senior Mr. Renwick's lifetime there was a room always in readiness for Washington Irving who was a frequent guest. Later, Mark Twain occupied the house for four and a half years, after moving from West 10th Street; and since then various other writers have lived there, among them Mrs. Frank Leslie, and, more recently, DuBose Heyward.

The graceful Washington Arch, designed by Stanford White, frames the end of Fifth Avenue and the Square beyond, once used as a Potter's Field before the removal to the site of the present Public Library at 42nd Street. In 1827 the land was transformed into a park, and all along the north side still stand the warm red brick houses of that earlier day, with their white facings and wide flights of steps. The east side houses the downtown branch of New York University. The west is given over to apartments; on the south the Judson Memorial Church raises

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its square tower. The slums encroach on this side, and the dignified old houses that survive have a battered look, though many of them are gaily painted as to door and window frames by the artists who have studios there.

The Square is a meeting place for all sorts and conditions of men. Daintily dressed children from the apartments to the north and west are crowded off the walks by bright-eyed, grimy little Italians from the near-by tenements. There are tramps dozing on the benches, jobless men and women scanning the newspapers, students from the University, prosperous citizens out for a stroll—a whole cross-section of the city's life.

Here, at the end of the line and the end of the Avenue, we left the bus, and turned westward along the winding streets of Greenwich Village. This is still another New York. Here the streets twist and double on themselves; the small red brick houses belong to another age. It was one of the earliest settlements on Manhattan Island, and long before the Dutch came there had been an Indian village, Sappokanican, here by the river. But it was the yellow fever epidemic of 1822 that turned this section into a bustling town. It had long been considered an especially healthy spot, and a long procession of carts and carriages moved up along Broadway from the fever-stricken city at the tip of the island. The helter-skelter pattern of the streets here today is a reminder of the haste with which the refugees built shelter for themselves and shops for their business.

"And now for lunch!" said John. "Let's consult the list that epicurean friend of ours gave us. Restaurants seem

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to be as thick as blackberries in the Village, so the choice is wide. Some of them, of course, are dinner and supper places—the attractive Greenwich Village Inn, for instance, on Sheridan Square, and the Village Barn at 52 West 8th Street. But one can lunch, as well as dine, at the Brick House, 175 Macdougall Street, or just across the way at No. 176, where the Jumble Shop is noted for its English beef pies and stews. Little Venice, 126 West 13th Street, is unique in all New York in having its dining room built to include four ailanthus trees—even in coldest winter there are tender green leaves on the branches just above the tables, and in summer the whole glass roof is rolled back and one eats in the open air. The place specializes in Italian food which is truly excellent, and it's obvious they have confidence in their kitchens for the 'family entrance', straight through the main kitchen, is used by most of the patrons. Then there's Johnny's Old Place, 139 West 10th, which has been popular for forty years; they serve a particularly good table d'hôte cooked to order, I believe. And Mori's is right down here on Bleecker Street."

"Oh, I've heard about Mori's," I cried, "and I'm hungry! Let's go there."

We were walking westward along Washington Square South when the blue-painted front of the Provincetown Playhouse caught our eye, and we turned down Macdougall Street for a closer view of it. Back in 1916 the Provincetown Players began making theatrical history when they opened their first New York season on the parlor floor of No. 149 Macdougall Street, just a few doors

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from the present theater. During summers at Provincetown this group of artists and writers had, for their own pleasure, been putting on plays—among them Eugene O'Neill's *Bound East for Cardiff*, the first of his plays to be produced on any stage. Their opening in New York was unassuming, but with members such as O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, John Reed, Floyd Dell, Demuth, the Zorachs, and Edna St. Vincent Millay participating according to their talents, the Players were bound for success, and after opening the 1920 season with *The Emperor Jones* their little theater became famous.

Macdougall Street, with its many restaurants and conglomeration of houses old and new, was so different from the streets we had seen around Washington Square that we followed it farther. It became more and more Italian, and we soon found ourselves on Bleecker Street.

"Mori's is No. 144," said John, "so we turn left here." Soon we came to that white brick building, with its black shutters and greenery festooning the entrance. The interior was elegant in a red-velvet and dark furniture way, the arches of doorways and partitions were restful to our eyes, and we looked out to a little garden which is turned into an outdoor dining terrace in hot weather. The food at Mori's is famous, and we emerged fortified against the ardors of the afternoon.

We walked west along Bleecker Street, and when it came into Sixth Avenue we caught sight, some blocks northward, of the old tower and clock of Jefferson Market Court, which practically every water colorist in or near New York has painted at one time or another. And

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as we waited for traffic there at Sixth Avenue we glanced up narrow Minetta Street, so crooked because it follows the course of the Minetta Water of early days.

Farther along on Bleecker Street we came upon the pushcarts which line the right curb. The crispest of fruits and vegetables, arranged in symmetrical designs, lend color to the street, and women, hatless and shawled, bargaining shrilly with the vendors, made it seem a bit of Italy. From the stores issued pungent odors of fish and foreign cheeses.

As we strolled along, John recalled that Thomas Paine once lived at 309 Bleecker Street; but that block lay just beyond Seventh Avenue and we did not cross over, since the house is no longer there. Instead we turned right on Seventh Avenue and went north to Sheridan Square, passing Barrow Street which was originally named Reason Street in honor of Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*.

From Sheridan Square we turned right on Christopher Street until it met Waverly Place, where we turned east to go back to Washington Square, passing No. 108 where Richard Harding Davis lived while he wrote his New York stories. Back at Washington Square we turned north on Macdougall Street, which by then had left "Little Italy" far behind. We glanced down Macdougall Alley where the erstwhile stables of the residents of the Square are now the gaily-painted studios of artists.

At 10 West 8th Street is the Whitney Museum of American Art. Founded by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the noted sculptor, it houses a representative collection of modern American paintings and sculpture. "It's closed on

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Mondays," John remarked, "so we'll have to visit it another day. And by the way, it's best to telephone any of the smaller museums beforehand, because they are all closed on different days and it is hard to keep track of them."

On Fifth Avenue once more, I glanced back at the trees and greensward framed by the Arch. "I wish New York had more parks and squares," I remarked wistfully.

"Well, let's go in search of a few," replied John.

"Do we go by the New School for Social Research? I'd like to see that glass and steel building, and the Benton and Orozco murals."

"No," answered John, "that's at 66 West 12th Street, and our way lies east."

As we proceeded eastward on 8th Street I noticed that the For Rent signs on some of the buildings directed inquirers to apply to Sailors' Snug Harbor. "What's that?" I asked my brother.

"It's an interesting chapter in New York real estate," he answered. "In 1801 Robert Randall left his farm, which covered twenty-one acres in this district, for the establishment of a home for old and disabled seamen, to be called Sailors' Snug Harbor. So much litigation followed that the trustees finally decided to lease this land and establish the home out on Staten Island where they purchased suitable property. It is still there, but the trustees have a difficult time spending the annual income, for this land which was worth about twenty-five thousand dollars in 1801 is now valued at fifty millions, while the seamen of steam and sailing ships for whom the home

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was established grow fewer each year as the use of electric- and motor-run vessels increases.

"You noticed of course," he continued, "those charming old brick houses on the north of Washington Square? Their ninety-year leases have just reverted to Sailors' Snug Harbor, and the tenants, some of whom are the third generation to occupy those houses, now have to look for new homes. It is said that this Sailors' Snug Harbor, having a leasehold in perpetuity, has retarded the growth of the city in this vicinity, yet at the same time it did make possible the preservation of those old houses for a long while."

Now we had come to Broadway, and before crossing it we looked northward to Grace Church, which so many people consider one of New York's most beautiful churches. Its architect was James Renwick, who later designed St. Patrick's Cathedral. The gardens on either side make an appropriate setting for the graceful Gothic edifice, and in summertime a noonday service is conducted from the outdoor pulpit in the south garden. In the north garden there is an ancient, time-darkened *doliola* which was unearthed in Rome by workmen digging for the foundations of St. Paul's.

There is a noticeable curve in Broadway there in front of the church, at 10th and 11th Streets, and we smiled to think how the stubbornness of one man could so alter the straight course of this important thoroughfare. But if Broadway had gone straight, as the Commissioners planned it, old Hendrik Brevoort's homestead would have been destroyed, so when the laborers came to demol-

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ish the house there was Farmer Brevoort at the threshold, a blunderbuss in the crook of his arm!

We followed 8th Street to Fourth Avenue where we crossed Cooper Square, enclosed between Third and Fourth Avenues where they start from the end of the Bowery. At the northern apex of the triangle thus formed (with 4th Street for its base) stands Cooper Union.

"This isn't one of the showplaces of New York," John remarked, "but I've always admired Peter Cooper—he was a self-taught, self-made man, but instead of getting 'stuffy' after he'd made his fortune he built this place where other people who have to get out and earn their bread and butter could continue their education if they really wanted to. I've always wanted to see this place. Would you mind taking a minute to go in?"

"I'd like to," I assured him, and as we went up the steps and into the big entrance hall John told me enthusiastically how, undaunted by the panic of 1857, Peter Cooper went right on with his plans for this working-men's institute and soon had it open.

"All the courses are free, and although in the beginning it was only a night school, now there are day classes as well as evening. I imagine we'd both be surprised if we knew how many of our most successful engineers got their start here."

Up on the second floor we came upon the chair in which Abraham Lincoln sat at the great war meeting held in Cooper Union on February 27, 1860, and we both recalled an account we had read of that meeting in the Great Hall where the intelligentsia of New York gathered

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to see and hear "the prairie giant" who was being mentioned as the next President. Even well-bred citizens allowed themselves a smile at the scarecrow figure Lincoln presented as he came forward and began speaking in a harsh, almost uncouth voice. But in five minutes amusement had given way to intense interest, and the meeting ended in an ovation.

The Great Hall was the scene of a riotous meeting during the World War, when, after the conscription edict, a group of Irish-Americans assembled to attest before Mayor Mitchell their loyalty to the United States in the war, and were nearly mobbed by an equally ardent group of Sinn Feiners, who violently demonstrated their protest against supporting "Bloody England" under any circumstances! Some lively skirmishing ensued before order could be restored.

We were about to leave the building when it suddenly occurred to me that the Museum for the Arts of Decoration was here, and we hastened to take the elevator to the fourth floor. That square elevator in its oval "well" amused us. "Peter Cooper always was ahead of his times," John chuckled. "You know this was the first thoroughly fire-proof building in the whole city. But he couldn't install an elevator because none had been perfected. He knew that elevators were coming, though, and he had this space left for one. I wonder why he thought they'd be oval?"

The Museum was established by Peter Cooper's granddaughters, Sarah and Eleanor Hewitt. Having as grandfathers two of the master craftsmen and inventors of the times, the girls had early learned the rudiments of indus-

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trial art and design, and had been "collecting" since their 'teens, at home and abroad. When the *Musée des Arts Décoratifs* opened in Paris they hastened home and demanded space in the Cooper Union building for a similar collection which would be accessible to American artists and artisans. In 1896 their museum was opened, and forty years have seen it grow enormously.

A whole floor is given over to the Museum, and it is filled to overflowing with collections so complete, and on such a wide variety of subjects, that we could barely skim the surface and get an idea of the scope and purposes in our brief visit. There is the textile collection, with bits of fabric from as far back as the 4th century; wall paper collections; laces; painted fans; bookbindings, paper and leather; porcelains; hardware; engravings down to the 19th century; original designs and sketches by European designers and craftsmen from the 16th to the 19th century—and where the originals were not obtainable there are fine reproductions. These are but a few of the collections, and we could only imagine of what inestimable value they must be to students, research workers and designers, not only in copying and adapting, but in getting back to actual sources.

Crossing Cooper Square to the north, we took our way along diagonal Stuyvesant Street which brought us to Second Avenue and the old church of St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie, at 10th Street. We had heard, of course, of those Sunday afternoon symposia in which such representatives of the arts as Vachel Lindsay, Ruth St. Denis, John Cooper Powys, Eva Le Gallienne, and Carl Sand-

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burg take part, and we had been interested to see the church itself. Its weathered rose walls, its wistaria-covered porch with Borghum's *Inspiration* and *Aspiration* by the steps, its garden-like churchyard, all give it a gracious, hospitable air. Just to the east of the porch is the Petrus Stuyvesant memorial, presented by Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, and the old Stuyvesant vault is incorporated in the east wall of the church. While Governor of New Amsterdam, Petrus had purchased this "bouwerie" for his country home, and after the English took possession of the island he retired here to spend his last years. His own chapel, built in 1660, stood here, and after that fell into disuse and decay, his great-grandson, another Petrus Stuyvesant, persuaded the vestry of Trinity to erect a Protestant Episcopal church on this site. In the churchyard are the vaults of many of the old and famous families of New York. A strange happening took place there one night in the 70's. The body of the eminent merchant, A. T. Stewart, was removed from its grave, and spirited away. The ghouls who stole it were never traced, nor was the body ever recovered.

We walked up to Stuyvesant Square along Second Avenue which was once New York's most fashionable residential street. Stuyvesant Square runs from 15th to 17th Streets, and extends for half a block on each side of the Avenue. The two little streets thus formed are, on the east Livingston Place, and on the west Rutherford Place. Charles Murphy, the well-known "Boss" of Tammany Hall, lived a few doors east of the Square on 17th Street. Hospitals occupy the Livingston Place side. On

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the west corner of Second Avenue and 17th Street is another hospital, the Lying-In; and a few doors along, the building now occupied by the Smith College Club. But it is Rutherford Place that gives charm to the Square. On the north is St. George's Church, brown and solid with square towers, standing a little back from the street. And across 16th Street it is faced by the old Friends' Seminary and Meeting House.

St. George's has been called "the Pierpont Morgan Church" because the senior Mr. Morgan was warden there for many years. The pulpit was given in his memory. A madman entered the church one Sunday morning some years ago and shot to death Dr. James W. Markoe, a well-known surgeon who was taking up the collection, for to the murderer's disordered brain he represented the House of Morgan.

We walked west on 17th Street, and as we crossed Third Avenue John reminded me that the German-American Rathskeller there at No. 190 was a favorite haunt of O. Henry's and figured as "Rheinschlosschen" in some of his stories. Coming to Irving Place we found ourselves standing opposite Washington Irving's old home on the southwest corner. From this house (now a tea-room) he used to sally forth of an afternoon to sail Henry Brevoort's sloop up the East River to take tea with Miss Matilda Hoffman who lived on Murray Hill.

Irving Place is bounded on the north by Gramercy Park and on the south by 14th Street, but its short span has given a home to many distinguished writers. O. Henry occupied the "parlor front" at No. 55; Edward Sheldon,

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the playwright, lived for years on the east corner of Irving Place and the Park, in an apartment in the old Stuyvesant Fish mansion.

"Look at that Burlesque House, just below 15th Street," cried John. "That's the once famous Irving Place Theater, where for years a German stock company played. A good many of the European actors and actresses who made great reputations in America were given their New York debut on that stage. And the old Academy of Music was across the street, where the Edison Building stands now. Edward VII when Prince of Wales danced at the ball given there in his honor in 1860, and in 1919 the present King visited it in memory of that day. It was here that New York had its first season of grand opera. This was a musical neighborhood. Many famous musicians played in the old Steinway Hall around on 14th Street, and they all foregathered with artists, actors and writers to drink the good German beer and eat the good German food at Luchow's Restaurant just across the street."

"Oh, it makes me thirsty to hear you!" I cried. "Luchow's is still open, isn't it? And can't we stop in, at least for a 'quick one'?"

My brother agreed to this as an excellent idea. The high-ceiled rooms, with their dark wainscoted walls and old-fashioned carpets, perfectly preserve the décor of days past. Old fashioned, and friendly too, are the waiters, and the orchestra playing *The Poet and Peasant* overture. Much refreshed by the draught of cool beer, we turned our steps westward to Union Square.

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The bronze statue of Washington, at the south end of the park, recalls that joyous day in 1783 when the British evacuated New York as Washington made his triumphant entrance into the city, and was met here by the grateful citizens. Known as "Union Place" when in 1811 it was reserved as a park, Union Square has seen many changes. The old residences around it gave way to commerce—the impeccable shops of Tiffany's, Brentano's, and Vantine's. Theaters moved in thick and fast—the Star, Tony Pastor's Varieties, and the Union Square among others. The old homes and established shops held their ground on the north and west sides of the Square, but the southern and eastern were now the city's Rialto. In the 80's and 90's the Square became New York's Bohemia. Later on, the subway excavations wrought their changes in its physical appearance, and mobs of strikers and anarchists changed its character. Today its cement walks and benches are filled with social agitators of every description; and the statues of Washington, Lafayette and Lincoln look down on May Day "riots", where blue-coated police restrain the milling "Reds".

We turned uptown on Fourth Avenue but at 20th Street headed east again toward Gramercy Park.

"Why, this looks like London!" we both exclaimed, as the little iron-railed park opened before us. Originally a part of a farm called "Gramercy Seat", owned by James Duane, the first post-Revolutionary Mayor of New York, it is the only private park in New York today. Keys are supplied to the neighboring residents, and they alone have access to the gravelled paths and the benches under

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the trees, overlooking the flowerbeds. Beneath the park runs a subterranean stream, and a friend of mine who was still occupying the family home on the west side of the Square told me that when the Great War brought its fears and rumors of destruction to be wrought by the Germans in this country, the authorities actually scouted around in her cellar to find access to its hidden source! There was a threat that New York's water supply might be destroyed.

A fine statue of Edwin Booth by Edmond T. Quinn stands near the south entrance of the park, and here every year on his birthday comes a delegation from his old home, now the Players' Club, to meet with members of the Booth family in a short memorial service, and to lay a wreath at his feet. No. 16 was where he lived. The architect who remodelled the house for him was Stanford White, and Booth left it for actors, authors, artists, musicians and kindred souls to enjoy as the Players' Club.

Next door, to the west, is the National Arts Club, once the home of Samuel J. Tilden; the eyes of the world were on No. 15 during the Presidential campaign of 1876-77.

We strolled eastward around the Square. "I wish we could have seen this fifteen years ago," said John. "Then the charming old brick houses—like these few left on the west side—were almost untouched, and there were only three apartment houses or so on the whole Square." At No. 20 is the Stuyvesant Fish house, already mentioned; No. 21 was the home of the Bigelow family (it was John Bigelow whom Lincoln appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France when the Civil War made

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foreign relations so delicate); farther east stands the Friends' Meeting House, dating from 1857.

Going north, we saw the marble tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building looming over the Park and heard the quarter-hourly chimes ring out from its great clock. Then on the north side of the Square we found that the continuation of Irving Place had become Lexington Avenue, and recognized in No. 9 the home of Peter Cooper, later owned by his son-in-law, Mayor Abram S. Hewitt. On the northeast corner of Lexington and the Park an apartment building occupies the site of Cyrus W. Field's home, where the idea of laying the Atlantic cable was first conceived. On the northwest corner used to stand Stanford White's house, now given way to the big apartment building which also covers the site of Robert Ingersoll's house. At No. 53 once lived the sister-poets, Alice and Phoebe Cary.

"A good deal of history has been made by the people who lived around this Square," John remarked thoughtfully as we completed our trip around the Park and turned to retrace our steps along 20th Street to see Roosevelt House, at No. 28, where "T. R." was born.

We were delighted with the interior, which is an authentic restoration of the well-to-do home in the New York of the 60's and 70's. It is complete with gay wall-papers, haircloth and massive mahogany furniture, cut-glass chandeliers and gilt mirrors, even to the wax fruit under a glass "bell" on the parlor table. And as we trailed a group of school children through the museum room downstairs, in which letters, pictures, cartoons, medals,

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etc., give a graphic story of Theodore Roosevelt's career from childhood to death, John and I both thought how fortunate are the children who can learn their history this way!

At Fifth Avenue we mounted a bus and started uptown again. As we neared 29th Street, John suddenly sprang to his feet, catching me by the arm and exclaiming, "Come, we must get off here."

"Why? What for?" I asked, stumbling after him.

The bus had stopped at 28th Street, and as we walked the block north John explained that we were about to pass the Little Church Around the Corner. The friendly lich-gate, the close so green and lovely tucked in between the towering buildings roundabout, the rambling structure of the church itself, all bore out the charming and romantic tales we had heard about the place. One of the first things we saw inside was the memorial window to Joseph Jefferson, recalling the incident which gave this Church of the Transfiguration its popular name. Jefferson had just completed the arrangements for the funeral of his old friend and fellow-actor, George Holland, at another church when some intuition prompted him to mention that Holland had been an actor, whereupon the rector of that other church was pained to say that he could not perform the service, adding, however, that there was "a little church around the corner where they do that sort of thing". Jefferson's heartfelt exclamation, "Then God bless the little church around the corner!" bestowed on the church its familiar name.

Ever since Holland's funeral here, this has been the fa-

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vorite church of actors and actresses. Among hundreds of others, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry and Henry Irving used to attend services here while playing in New York. Booth, Jefferson, Wallack and Barrett repeatedly stood godfather here at baptisms, and witness at weddings. There are memorial windows for many of them: to Montague, opposite the pew he used to occupy in the north aisle; to John Drew, Richard Mansfield, Mary Shaw; one by John La Farge to Edwin Booth, given by the Players' Club; and in the clerestory of the south transept is the Actors' Memorial Window to all actors and actresses.

John called my attention to another window before leaving the church proper, the St. Faith window, nearest the pulpit in the north wall. It is 14th century glass, saved from a Belgian church which was destroyed during the Napoleonic wars, and is said to be the oldest church window in America.

Although it was growing late, we could not leave without seeing the chantry, familiarly known as the Brides' Chapel because of the many, many marriages performed here—about two thousand a year. The Brides' Altar, so beautiful in color and design, was made possible by the contributions of happily married couples, and many of the jewels in the door of the tabernacle are family heirlooms or stones from the rings of women married here.

Out on the street once more, we turned back to Fifth Avenue and went uptown to the Empire State Building at 34th Street. From the one hundred and third floor the city seemed a collection of giant monoliths, rather than

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man-made and man-inhabited structures. In Long Island and New Jersey lines of lights were pricking the blue dusk, and the pale sky overhead looked immensely high. John took a cocktail and I had a cup of tea in the informal little restaurant on the eighty-sixth floor. The outlook was as magical as from above.

After a rest at our hotel, half-past seven found us in evening clothes, entering The Waldorf-Astoria. We mounted the wide shallow stairs to the Park Avenue foyer. Its fine proportions and stately pillars frame Rigal's colorful murals, and a rug designed by him, depicting the "Wheel of Life", covers the floor. Crossing the terrace (where tea and cocktails are served every afternoon) we went into the glowing Sert Room, surely one of the most beautiful rooms in the world. Here, against a background of white gold, the great Spanish artist has painted the scenes at the Marriage Feast of Quiteria, from *Don Quixote*. The meal which followed was worthy of the setting and the rest of the evening was happily spent, dancing, and watching the charming floor show.

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INTO THE SUBWAY we popped next morning, eager to see where old New York meets and mingles with the great business city of today. We were quite proud of our mastery of the subway system! Careful study of city maps had taught us the different routes of the Broadway, Eighth Avenue, B. M. T. (Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit), and I. R. T. (Interborough Rapid Transit). As nearest to the City Hall, we had taken an express train on the I. R. T. from the Grand Central to the Brooklyn Bridge station.

We came up into the daylight at City Hall Park, and stood for a minute to take in our surroundings. The streets separate here to give room for this little green plot, in the center of which stands the graceful City Hall itself. We smiled to think that, while the front and ends of the building were faced with marble, brownstone had been considered sufficient for the rear walls because, as the Aldermen of 1802 thought, the city would never extend so far north as to make the back of the City Hall noticeable anyway! The firm of Mangin and McComb won in the competition for drawings and plans for the Hall, and although until recently it was thought that McComb was the designer, it is now proved that the original plans were by the senior partner, Joseph Man-

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gin. Apparently his Gallic temperament could not brook the haggling and petty economies of the Aldermen, for after his drawings had won the prize his name appears no more, and it was John McComb who supervised the building of the City Hall and saw it through to completion.

Before going into the City Hall we strolled around the Park. On the east, Centre Street and Park Row converge to form the Park's boundary. We looked across to the octagonal Municipal Building; the World Building, still lifting its copper dome gaily in the sun though the famous newspaper it once covered is no more; the yawning darkness of the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge. From this point we caught a glimpse, a bit to the north, of the new group of public buildings—the Federal Building, the Supreme Court Building, the New York State Building, and the New York City Building for the Departments of Health, Hospitals and Sanitation. Just to the north of the latter is the Criminal Courts Building, connected with the gloomy Tombs Prison by the Bridge of Sighs. Police Headquarters is several blocks farther north at 240 Centre Street. Tucked away behind the new Federal Building is the little "Printers' Church", where mass is held for printers and night workers at hours when they can attend.

Within the Park, directly north of the City Hall, is the old County Court House, from which "Boss Tweed" of Tammany Hall, and his notorious "Ring", made a profit of some \$7,000,000 by juggling the contract price for its construction. It is now used as the City Court House, and

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at its east end is Ward's statue of Horace Greeley, famous editor of the *New York Tribune*. Just across Chambers Street is the Hall of Records. At the south end of the Park stands MacMonnies' much-abused *Civic Virtue*, subject of many jests and acrimonious disputes.

Broadway bounds the Park on the west, flashing out between its ranks of towering offices and disappearing quickly between them again. On this side stands MacMonnies' fine statue of Nathan Hale, and it reminded us of the Revolutionary history of this park, which in the 1700's was the general gathering place of the townspeople. Here occurred most of the demonstrations that preceded the actual outbreak of the war, and we found a tablet marking the site of the famous Liberty Pole, set up by the Sons of Liberty in commemoration of the repeal of the Stamp Act, and thereafter repeatedly torn down by the British garrison and as often replaced by the Sons. It was here, too, that the populace flocked on July 9, 1776, to hear the courier from the Continental Congress in Philadelphia read to General Washington and the assembled troops the Declaration of Independence.

Then we entered the City Hall, and I, having a weakness for the Colonial period, was at once delighted with the fine proportions and exquisite detail which characterize the interior, while John kept assuring me that the oval staircase was one of the most beautiful he had ever seen. We ascended it to the second floor to visit the Governor's Room, which has long been New York's official reception room for distinguished guests. Lafayette, Ed-



Photo by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

Second Day. The City Hall, and the Woolworth Building.

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ward VII (then Prince of Wales), Cardinal Mercier, the King and Queen of Belgium, the present British King when Prince of Wales, Colonel Lindbergh, are but a few of the famous people entertained here. The Trumbull portraits of Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and early Governors line the walls of the central room, and in the east and west rooms there are more portraits of early Governors by American painters of the 19th century. Down in the Mayor's Reception Room we saw the portrait collection of early Mayors, as well as one of Lafayette by Samuel F. B. Morse, painted when Lafayette revisited the United States in 1824.

Leaving the City Hall we walked down Broadway. Diagonally across from the Park, the Woolworth Building stands, first of the great towers to rise above Manhattan. Half a block west on Barclay Street is St. Peter's Church, dating from 1785, the oldest Catholic Church in New York. The Astor House Building, on the northwest corner of Vesey Street, is built on the site of the former Astor House, New York's most famous hotel for many years from the time it was built in 1834.

St. Paul's Chapel occupies the next block, between Vesey and Fulton, and we took the time to walk a block west and approach it through its churchyard, for that was the entrance planned and used when the church was built in 1764, and the Broadway entrance is really the "back way". "This is the oldest church in Manhattan," said John, "and it faces the river because in those days all the land between was a broad sloping lawn. St. Martin's-in-

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the-Fields, in London, was the model for the interior. See, here's President Washington's pew; and Governor Clinton sat in this one.

"There's another old church on the next street," he went on, as we came out on Broadway once more. Crossing over at the next corner, he led the way down John Street, pausing at No. 17 to point out the site of the John Street Theater. Here during the Revolution, the British officers, among them Major André, gave plays to which flocked the Tory beaux and belles, and here *Hail Columbia* was first sung by its composer, Fayles, to an audience including President Washington. Many years later, Joseph Jefferson made his debut in this playhouse. On the other side of Nassau Street we stopped at No. 44, the old Methodist church once called "Wesley's Chapel". A clock given to the church by the illustrious evangelist and his brother is still preserved there. The first building was erected in 1768, and the present church, built in 1841, is the third edifice.

We retraced our steps to Nassau Street, originally known as "the Street that runs by the Pye Woman", and later named in honor of William III, head of the House of Nassau. Narrow and short it is, extending only from Park Row on the north to Wall Street on the south. At No. 73 once stood the law office of Aaron Burr, and he lived a few blocks south on Cedar Street.

"Oh, here's Maiden Lane," I cried, at the corner below John Street. Once the Dutch maidens washed their clothes in the brook which flowed through here, and at No. 57 Thomas Jefferson had his New York home. About a cen-

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tury ago it became the street of the diamond merchants, and now every second or third window contains a jewelry display.

We followed Maiden Lane back to Broadway, and took our way downtown once more. How curious it seems that the low Dutch and Colonial houses with their lawns and gardens should have shot up into these soaring canyon walls! "Like Alice in Wonderland when she ate the mushroom," I thought to myself, as I craned my neck in futile efforts to see the tops of the buildings that towered on either side—the Equitable Life, the Westinghouse, the U. S. Realty and the Trinity Building with their connecting bridge so high in the air. Yet Thames Street remains the narrow passage it was in the days when it served as the carriage drive from Governor de Lancey's house to his stables.

At the head of Wall Street we halted, and turned into Trinity Church. Ever since 1697 there has been a Trinity on this spot. The first building was destroyed in the great fire that ravaged the city on the first night of the British occupation in 1776. Rebuilt after the Revolution, the second edifice was later condemned, and the present one completed in 1846. Characteristic of that period is the exterior of brown sandstone, a material then considered the height of elegance for both dwellings and public buildings. And its spire was one of the wonders of the city; tourists used to climb into the tower for the view, and to mariners it was long a landmark.

The great bronze doors, gift of the Astor family, stood open and we went into the beautiful dim nave where

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memorials have brought the work of world-famous artists and sculptors. There is a baptismal basin dating from the time of William and Mary, and a massive silver communion service, the gift of Queen Anne, is still brought out on high days. It was Queen Anne who bestowed on Trinity the land which is the basis of its great wealth today. Who could have foretold that those fields, given to Trinity as a farm to help support the little country church and its school, would in three centuries become the center of the financial district of the world's second largest city, worth almost untold millions? The churchyard itself has been called "the \$25,000,000 graveyard". In the northeast corner stands the Martyrs' Monument to the thousands of American soldiers who died in military prisons during the Revolution. We could understand how, in such a congested area, the churchyard must serve as a sort of park. People were wandering around, some sitting on the flat-topped tombstones, a few eating an early lunch.

We turned into Wall Street, where in the first days of New Amsterdam a little wooden fence was built to keep cattle from straying off into the bush. In 1653, when rumor of an invasion from New England struck fear to the hearts of the Dutch, they strengthened the fence into a regular city wall and for nearly half a century it stood, doing more harm than good as it blocked the natural northward expansion of the city. Now two big bank buildings—the Irving Trust on the south corner and the First National on the north corner—make eminently suitable "gateposts" to this street of high finance. John and

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I walked down its shadowy canyon. That world-famous building the Stock Exchange was on our right, occupying a short irregular block, bounded on the south by Exchange Place. Visitors are no longer admitted to the Exchange, unless as guests of a member. As early as 1825 a Merchants' Exchange was built on Exchange Place, and even before that it had become the meeting place of the city's merchants and an early law forbade children to coast down the hill there lest they "upset" the merchants.

The marble building on the next corner of Broad Street houses the Morgan Bank. It is built on the site of Alexander Hamilton's law office. The lot now occupied by the Bank sold in 1700 for \$407. Later the city paid \$450 for it; and in 1832 its price had risen to \$17,750. In 1689 Abraham de Peyster and Nicholas Bayard bought the property on the north side of the street from Broadway to William, and sold it in small lots; prices paid for two of them respectively, in 1718, were \$300 and \$875. By 1793 the street was losing its residential character, and from then on banks and insurance companies invaded the district in increasing numbers. In 1920 one of the great disasters of the decade occurred in Wall Street. As the crowds surged out at noontime on September 16th, a few may have noticed a horse and wagon left unattended by the Morgan Bank. A fuse burned to the appointed minute and a bomb exploded. Thirty people were killed, a hundred injured. Damages amounted to over two million dollars—and the perpetrators were never found.

Facing Broad Street, on the north side of Wall, is the Sub-Treasury Building. As we stood gazing up at John

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Quincy Adams Ward's statue of Washington, John informed me that the Sub-Treasury Building is now used as a passport office, and that it stands on the site of the old Federal Hall where the first Presidential inauguration took place.

A few steps eastward, John took me into the Bank of The Manhattan Company to see Ezra Winter's murals of the Wall Street district around 1800, when the Manhattan Company received its charter. In the first panel the spire of the second Trinity dominates the Wall Street vista, and Aaron Burr, one of the founders of the Company, is shown assisting his daughter, the beautiful Theodosia, from her coach to attend the opening of the Company's first office. Next is the Manhattan Company's reservoir, erected on Chambers Street about 1800. Then the famous Tontine Coffee House, with Governor John Jay and Robert Livingston in the foreground, and in the background a view of the foot of Wall Street as it was in the days of sailing ships. Under the Buttonwood Tree, shown in the fourth panel, the first New York Stock Exchange was held about 1792. The Manhattan Company, which undertook to supply the city with pure water, used great logs for water mains; in a showcase opposite the entrance we had seen sections of those wooden water pipes, and in the fifth panel is depicted a scene as they were laid in 1800. Last, there is a shipping scene at the Battery in 1799, with John Jacob Astor, in a tricorne hat, talking with a sailor.

These early waterfront scenes reminded us of another, not pictured here. In the days of slave-trading, the slave

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market used to be held near the foot of Wall Street. As early as 1827, however, the New York State law prohibited the buying and selling of slaves, and All Saints Church, over on Henry and Scammel Streets, is the only church left standing in the city that has a slave gallery up under the eaves.

Out once more on the Wall Street of today, we turned back to Broadway and proceeded downtown. As we neared the waterfront, the bank buildings gave place to the offices of the shipping lines. The Cunard Building, said to be one of the most beautiful office buildings in the world, drew us into its Great Hall to look at the maps and murals on its walls. Sunshine streamed through the vast arched windows, lighting up the richly colored dome and pendentive decorations. Here Ezra Winter has painted the ships of Leif Ericsson, Sebastian Cabot, Columbus and Drake. Under full sail they rush on toward the New World, and we could but compare those ships of adventure with the models of the latest Cunard liners in their glass cases all around us. Yet a thousand years and all the inventions of modern science have not robbed sea travel of its thrill and romance! The wall maps by Barry Faulkner, showing the shipping routes around the world, likewise stimulated our imagination, and at our feet the great bronze floor seal recalled thrilling episodes in the voyage of Aeneas. It is a place to arouse all manner of desires, and we turned to leave before some wild impulse sent us to a desk to inquire about passage to some far country.

From the doorway we looked south to Bowling Green

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and the Battery—and glimpsed beyond them, the waters of the Bay crowded with shipping. "Here we are, at the very beginning of New Amsterdam!" John exclaimed happily.

With one accord we crossed to the little oval park where the first Dutch settlers used to have their market place and annual cattle fairs. "And for a while it really was a bowling green," John said. "Three men rented it 'for one peppercorn a year', fenced it in, and made a bowling green out of it for the enjoyment of themselves and their friends."

"It played a dramatic part in history, too," I added. "Don't you remember that the Stamp Act Riot of 1765 was at its worst right here? And then, in 1776, after they'd listened to the Declaration of Independence read up at City Hall Park, the mob tore down here and by main strength pulled down the statue of George III which stood here." That was a bit of history which had stuck in my memory: how the patriots broke up that statue and loaded it, piece by piece, into an ox-cart and hauled it all the way to Litchfield, Connecticut, where the lead was molded into bullets. And even today we could see where the balls that used to ornament the park railing had been broken off to make ammunition.

Going over to the Custom House, it pleased us to try to imagine the little stockade which the Dutch traders built here in 1614, when there was no idea of making a permanent colony here and the traders lived on their ships, using the stockade simply as a trading post for their dealings with the Indians. Then in 1621, when the

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Dutch West India Company was formed and measures were taken toward a permanent settlement, Governor Minuit built Fort Amsterdam on this site—and it was from this fort that Governor Stuyvesant marched out when he surrendered the island to the English. The fort remained here until after the Revolution, when it was demolished to make way for the Government House. However, this was never used as a presidential residence, for New York remained the capital of the United States only one year and Government House was completed too late. It did serve as the official residence of Governor Clinton and Governor John Jay.

When the present Custom House was erected it was desired to make it representative of American art as well as American commerce, and we studied with interest the sculpture of the façade. In contrast to the new public buildings grouped around the City Hall, the Custom House appears heavy and over-florid. The four pedestal groups, by Daniel Chester French, symbolize the four continents. The twelve figures above the columns represent seafaring powers, ancient and modern, which have influenced world commerce—Greece, Rome, Phoenicia, Genoa, Venice, Spain, Holland, Portugal, Denmark, Germany, France, and England—while the cartouche above displays the shield of the United States. The head of Mercury, ancient god of commerce, is carved on the capitals of the columns.

Inside, John called my attention to the Seal of the City of New York, and explained how its symbols represent early causes of the city's prosperity. Besides the eagle,

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the sailor, and the Indian, there are the beavers, which were abundant when the island was settled and whose skins put money into the pockets of trappers and fur traders. And the windmill arms and flour barrels recall the Bolting Act of 1678 which granted to the city the exclusive right to bolt flour and pack it for export. This monopoly greatly enriched the city merchants and resulted in a rapid growth of the city itself—at the expense of the surrounding rural districts.

Then we found our way to the Collector's Room (220) where Elmer E. Garnsey's panels decorate the walls. They were painted with great fidelity to place and period, and represent seventeenth century ports which had to do with the discovery, settlement or commerce of the Dutch and English colonies in the New World. After looking at the New Amsterdam panel, showing the waterfront as it appeared in 1664, we hastened out to enjoy Battery Park as it is today.

For all its fearsome name—taken from the battery of cannon set up in the latter 1600's when rumors of the many wars between France and England reached the colony—the Battery has always been a place for the enjoyment of leisure hours. The Dutch burghers used to come here to drink beer and listen to band concerts, and for a long time thereafter it was a favorite promenade for the young people. Today as we passed people sunning themselves on the benches, and met other strollers clutching their hats in the stiff sea breeze, we wondered if anybody else was thinking how it was right here that Peter Minuit met the Indians in 1626 and transacted that shrewd-

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est bargain in history—the purchase of Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars' worth of beads and baubles! Of course some would have it that a few quarts of "fire-water" were thrown in, and John laughingly told me about the claim of one philologist who insists that the name Manhattan is derived from Indian words which mean "the place where we all got drunk".

On our way to the Aquarium we passed the statue of Verrazzano, whom historians now believe to have been the first navigator in these waters. Preceding Hendrik Hudson by many years, he touched here in 1524, and his report to Francis I of France contains the earliest recorded description of this seacoast.

That sturdy round building which houses the Aquarium has a colorful past. Built as a fort in 1807-11, when war with England was imminent, it was for a few years the military headquarters. Shortly, however, headquarters were shifted to Governor's Island, and the fortress became Castle Garden. Here distinguished visitors were received—Lafayette in 1824, Louis Kossuth the Hungarian patriot in 1851. Here American statesmen were heard—President Jackson, President Tyler, Daniel Webster. In 1835 a wire was coiled about the interior of the Garden and Morse gave a public demonstration of his invention. Jenny Lind, under the management of P. T. Barnum, made her American debut here. Then another change came; in 1855 it was turned over to the U. S. Immigration Bureau, and over seven million immigrants passed through its doors before it became, in 1896, the Aquarium. Strange, when going to peer at fish and waterfowl,

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to enter through doors that are still the massive iron doors of the fortress!

The interior was dim, and all around us, in the glass-fronted tanks which line the circular walls, fish swam in green water. We could not pause before all the hundred and twenty-four tanks, nor give individual attention to more than a few of the five thousand fish on exhibition, but here and there we stood fascinated by the fantastic ugliness of one, or the sheer gorgeousness of another.

Out in Battery Park once more—with memories of Jenny Lind and octopi mingling grotesquely in my mind—we turned south toward the Barge Office, and embarked on the little boat which leaves every hour for the Statue of Liberty. It was a gay and sparkling day, and the air was noisy with the whistles of ships from all the Seven Seas.

As we steamed down the harbor, Governor's Island lay on our left. Its Indian name was Pagganck; but when Director Van Twiller bought it from the Indians in exchange for "a certain parcel of goods", the Dutch rechristened it Nooton, or Nut Island. In the War of 1812, New York relied upon its forts as their principal defense. The round fort on the side of the Island nearest us was named Castle Williams in honor of General Jonathan Williams, who supervised its erection in the War of 1812; it is now a guard house. The size of the Island has been vastly extended by reclaimed land. Governor's Island is the Headquarters of the Commander of the Department of the East.

The low hills of Staten Island rose in the distance,

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while on our right the red brick Immigration Buildings on Ellis Island drew quickly nearer. This is the gateway to America, through which have passed millions of immigrants. An interesting procession to contemplate—in its ranks men who have brought distinguished gifts to their new country, and others with hypothetical automatics in their pockets, and eyes peering beyond the skyscrapers into the shadows of the underworld. During the peak years, 1905–14, over ten million immigrants stopped at Ellis Island. Dormitories, hospitals and dining halls were built there to serve their needs, and Edward Laning's mural *The Role of the Immigrant in the Industrial Development of America*, in the Aliens' Dining Room, is a tribute to them. But now the tide flows the other way. Every month or so a deportation train starts from the West Coast, picking up passengers all the way across the country, bringing them to Ellis Island where they await passage back to their native countries.

Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, sculptor of *Liberty*, made a special trip to the United States to select the site for his goddess, and chose Bedloe Island. At that time Fort Wood, part of the defenses of the city since 1811, occupied the island; when it was abandoned to make way for the statue the star-shaped fort wall was retained as a part of the foundations for the pedestal. *Liberty Enlightening the World* is a constant reminder of the friendship of France for America during the Revolution. It was presented to the people of the United States by the people of France in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of our independence, and when it was unveiled in 1886, after

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being shipped in pieces to this country and reassembled on the pedestal which the American people gave by popular subscription, great was the celebration. President Cleveland attended the dedication, and the French and American fleets performed spectacular manoeuvres in the harbor.

After docking at Bedloe Island we had an hour between boats, and our first thought was to go up to the top of the statue. As the elevator took us only as far as the promenade atop the pedestal, I stayed there, enjoying the view of the harbor and the Manhattan skyline, while John ambitiously ascended the spiral staircase of a hundred and sixty-seven stairs that took him into *Liberty's* crown. He rejoined me impressed by the immensity and the complicated structure of the statue. The thin outer layer of hammered copper is supported upon a steel frame securely anchored in the pedestal. The statue is one hundred and fifty-two feet high, and, in proportion, the eyes alone measure over two and a half feet.

We enjoyed strolling around the park-like grounds while waiting for the boat, and thought what a pleasant thing it would be to come here on summer days with a good book. The families of some of the officers stationed on Governor's Island live here the year 'round, in the brick army-post houses to the west of the statue.

As we steamed back to Manhattan we hoped that sometime we might take the other boat trips. The Staten Island ferry leaves its dock just east of the Battery every ten minutes, and gives an unsurpassed view of the harbor and the skyline of the city. There is a boat to Governor's

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Island every half hour, and one to Ellis Island a quarter before every hour. And from May to October there is a delightful " 'Round Manhattan" excursion twice daily.

When we landed at the Battery, John consulted his watch and suggested lunch. "Too bad we don't know any members of the many lunch clubs around here," he said. "There are a lot of them, most attractive, from what I've heard, in the top stories of these big buildings—the Bankers' Club, the Railroad Men's Club, the Midday, where business men can get together in peace and quiet and have a leisurely meal if they want it. Then there's India House over on Hanover Square, with a membership of merchants having overseas interest.

"Luckily, though, there are good restaurants to be found as well," he went on. "The Savarin, for instance, in the Equitable Building, is famous; then there's Ye Olde Chop House, at 118 Cedar Street, whose interior has remained practically unchanged for more than a hundred years; or Whyte's on Fulton Street, where I'm told the food is excellent, and the place itself has a comfortable Victorian atmosphere. And, of course, Fraunces Tavern, at Pearl and Broad Streets, is not to be missed. It's one of the oldest houses in Manhattan, and it was there that Washington bade farewell to his brother officers, before returning to Virginia in 1783. There is a restaurant downstairs now, and on the upper floors a museum. Let's go there."

We walked across Battery Park. At the corner of Pearl and Whitehall Streets John reminded me that the latter took its name from Peter Stuyvesant's mansion which

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once stood there, on the shore of a cove. In those days Pearl Street followed the water line from that point to the East River; it was so called from the pearly shells found along the waterfront. It is the oldest street in New York.

If you can close your eyes to all its towering neighbors, Fraunces Tavern gives you back the past. It retains the charm of Colonial days in its foursquare dignity of old brick. In the Long Room, on the second floor, Washington's farewell was made vivid to us by Colonel Tallmadge's description: "We had assembled but a few moments, when His Excellency entered the room. His emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present . . . After partaking of a slight refreshment, in almost breathless silence, the General filled his glass with wine, and turning to the officers he said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' . . . After the officers had taken a glass of wine, General Washington said: 'I cannot come to each of you, but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' . . . Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed . . . The simple thought that we were then about to part from the man who had conducted us through a long and bloody war, and under whose conduct the glory and independence of our country had been achieved, and that we should see his face no more in this world, seemed to me utterly insupportable . . ."

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John Ward Dunsmore's paintings relating to the Revolutionary War and George Washington are hung on the fourth floor, and on the third is a display of historic souvenirs.

After luncheon, we turned to the right on Pearl Street. At No. 73 a tablet marks the site of the first City Hall, the Stadt Huys. Early prints show it as a tall square building, with the gables and "stepped" roof typical of Dutch architecture, surmounted by a pointed cupola. In front of it were the stocks and the pillory. A creek flowed almost to its door. The creek was not filled in until 1835, and Jeanette Park covers this made land; sailors from the Seamen's Institute sun themselves there today. Around the dock at the foot of Coenties Slip is moored a little colony of old Erie Canal barges. They will never see Erie water again, but rather than desert them, and the habits of a lifetime, the old "canawlers" still live aboard them.

I had heard so much of the Seamen's Institute, at 25 South Street, that I begged John to stop for a brief visit. From the flagstaff float pennants spelling "Welcome" to all seamen coming up South Street and it is, in truth, a home port for sailors of every creed and race. We were fortunate in being taken around by Mrs. Roper, who has been with the Institute over forty years and remembers the waterfront when it was a forest of masts. She is "Mother Roper" to thousands of seamen, and her monthly bulletins, listing missing seamen and posted in ports all over the world, have been instrumental in reuniting over five thousand sailors with their families or friends.

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Back in the 1800's "crimping" was widespread. Handed back and forth between the less ethical of the ship masters and the boarding-house keepers, the sailor himself was no better than a slave. In 1844 a missionary society instituted a "floating church". Constructed on a barge, the church could be towed out to incoming vessels, thus getting ahead of the crimps. As time went on, other floating churches were moored at strategic points along the waterfront. The work was purely religious at first, but soon the sailors were asking the chaplain to hold their money for them, write letters home for them, and so forth, and thus was inaugurated the social work which has grown to be such an important part of the Institute's program. Now at the Seamen's Institute a seaman can obtain clean, comfortable lodging (a bed in the dormitory, or a pleasant private room), deposit his money for safe-keeping, check his dunnage, receive his mail (there is a U. S. branch post office in the building and it handles mail equivalent to that of a city of 20,000), have helpful, friendly advice on any of his problems, use the reading, writing, and game rooms, attend moving pictures and entertainments in the auditorium, eat good food at most reasonable prices in the various restaurants—in short, *enjoy* his shore-leave. Many a wedding has taken place in the simple but most attractive church, where Gordon Grant's altar painting is so beautifully suited to its surroundings and to the men who come here to worship.

From the roof we found the best view yet of the harbor and its islands, and we came down through the class-

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rooms of the Institute's Navigation and Marine Engineering School where over four thousand seamen have studied and then gone on to better positions. In the apprentices' reading room and game room the future officers of the mercantile marine of the world enjoy their leisure and get acquainted.

South Street was the center of New York's shipping trade in the days of the clippers. Then the great bowsprits of the vessels moored to the docks stretched right across the street, and the strong voices of seafaring men mingled with the noise of cranes and winches and the thunder of heavy wagons, engaged in loading and unloading cargoes from all over the world. A little distance east of the Seamen's Institute is the Fulton Fish Market, spreading out over a solid block. Al Smith was born on Oliver Street near by, and calls the Fulton Market his "Alma Mater".

Returning to Pearl Street, we looked out for Nos. 119-21, where once stood the house of Captain Kidd. He sailed from New York on that voyage which was to land him on the gallows. It was a syndicate venture in which many wealthy and representative New Yorkers had a share, and historians are still befogged as to what part Kidd really played in the affair. Did he in truth turn pirate; or did he know too much for the comfort of certain respectable shareholders, who considered a short rope was safer than a long tale? Even such a solid institution as the East India Company in England has been suspected of a hand in his sudden removal.

Pearl Street led us into Hanover Square, which was

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right in the center of that memorable fire of 1835 when flames swept seventeen city blocks and caused damages amounting to twenty million dollars. It broke out on Hanover (then Merchant) Street, and a north-northwest gale sent it roaring from building to building. There was no city fire department a hundred years ago, only volunteer companies, and their members were weary, that night of December 16, from fighting a fire in Chrystie Street the night before. Yet they came running—some from the wedding that was taking place in the old John Street Church, some from another wedding reception being held in the old City Hotel near Trinity. Portable hand-pumps were their equipment, a few hydrants gave access to the Manhattan Company's wooden water mains and to the pipes of another water company, but the main dependence had to be on rainwater cisterns, the largest of which held only six hundred gallons. It was a sub-zero night and water froze in the hose lines as well as in the cisterns. The fire fighters went out on the East River and chopped holes through the ice and got a few feeble jets of water. Fire companies came from Newark and Philadelphia. But not until the Brooklyn Navy Yard was called upon to send details of men with explosives to blow up several of the larger buildings was the conflagration in any way halted.

We stood there in Hanover Square, imagining it as it must have looked that night, the little open triangle stacked with costly silks and satins, laces and furs that had been removed from the warehouses all around—and then, the column of flame that rose a hundred feet in the

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air when the fire reached them. "It was the calamity of the decade," said John, "yet it has since been looked on as a blessing in disguise. You remember how in 1776 and 1778 terrible fires wiped out a full fourth of the city, and after this one in 1835 New York came to the realization that it must have an adequate water supply, a trained fire department, and fireproofed buildings."

"Yes," I assented, "but it does seem a pity that the lesson had to be learned at such an expense! Even we suffer from it, there is so little of Colonial and Revolutionary New York left. Just imagine how much more vivid the early days would be to us if there were more of the original buildings left."

We wandered around the little square which, despite the "El" and parked automobiles and the fires of old, still smacks of community days. Six of the old narrow streets trail in from the waterfront to this tiny triangle. India House, old and yellow and iron grilled, built in the general reconstruction after 1835, looks across to the modern buildings of the New York Cotton Exchange and Coffee Exchange. On the corner of the Cotton Exchange Building is a tablet commemorating the site where William Bradford issued, November 8, 1725, the *New York Gazette*, the first newspaper printed in New York; back at 81 Pearl Street another tablet marks the place where he established the first printing press in the colony.

We climbed the stairs to the uptown Elevated Railway station, on the east side of the Square, and rode to Chatham Square. "Walking under the 'El' in the old days was not without its danger as well as discomfort,"

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John remarked. "The railway was operated by steam when it was first built, and so many sparks and cinders showered down on the passers-by that tin troughs had to be placed under the tracks at street crossings."

Like Hanover, which was so called in honor of George, the first Hanoverian King of England, Chatham Square was also named in honor of an Englishman, William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, and friend of America in the Revolution. Descending the steps, we found ourselves on the once notorious Bowery. First "Bouwerie Lane" leading to Peter Stuyvesant's country place the "Great Bouwerie", it was later known as the "Bouwerie Road" and then as the Boston Post Road, an important highway. But to most people it stands for the place where "they did such things and they said such things", in the bad old days of the song. Now it is respectable enough, and drab enough, too. It is lined with cheap shops and tenements, crowded with foreigners. A well-known Bowery Mission flourishes at No. 227.

We crossed to the west side of the Bowery and turned into Pell Street. Here is New York's Chinatown. Never so large or important as its prototype in San Francisco, today Chinatown does not hold a great deal of interest to the visitor. But for all its present respectable conformity, it has its purple past. Then the Tongs held undisputed sway, and settled their feuds in blood. Until recently there could be seen, spanning an alley between Pell and Mott Streets, a bridge connecting two houses. A wedding party, proceeding along Mott Street, was stampeded by members of a rival Tong, and as the

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frightened guests sped down the alley, well directed shots from enemies concealed on the bridge brought them, wounded or dying, to the ground. And even now remain beneath some of the quiet houses, cellars and sub-cellars, with passages running underground, where opium was smoked, and fan-tan games were played. Some ten or fifteen years ago died one of Chinatown's most notable figures. Tom Lee, known as "the Mayor of Chinatown", was a man of substance and great authority in the neighborhood. He served a sentence in Sing Sing for carrying concealed weapons; but returned to sit, smiling and inscrutable, at the door of his shop on Mott Street, and to supervise once more the affairs of his "townsmen".

Wandering along Pell and Mott and the crooked Doyers—the three streets that comprise Chinatown—we had the feeling that we were seeing only what the Chinese wanted us to see; that the flamboyant restaurants and ubiquitous curio shops were there for the outsider rather than for the residents. However, it all had its foreign flavor, an almost humorous mixture of Oriental and American. The buildings were the old-time brick indigenous to all lower New York, with a few of older wood and a few of newer stucco. Yet Chinese reds and yellows light up the dark vista of fire escapes—banners, posters and signs, an occasional painted balcony jutting out over the narrow sidewalk, a bit of the tilted Oriental roof line superimposed on the usual brick façade. The windows of the stores that cater to the resident Chinese were more interesting to us than the joss houses and curio shops; we liked the market windows with strange vegetables ar-

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ranged neatly in serried compartments, a stationer's shop displaying odd writing materials, tea shops where a porcelain god, rather than merchandise, held the center position.

On Doyers Street we saw the "Cathedral of the Underworld". The absolutely penniless, who lack even the few cents for a bed in one of the "flop-houses" which crowd thickly in this section, line up here early in the evening. Shortly before eight o'clock the doors are opened and the men go in for supper. The first sixty-five in line are the "lucky" ones—they will sleep on cots downstairs, while the remainder of the two hundred and sixty men who are taken care of every night will sleep on the benches and floor of the auditorium after the service is over. When the service begins at nine-thirty there is not an empty inch on all the long rows of benches. Hymns are sung at frequent intervals to keep the weary men awake, and at the close of the service they are given hot water and assigned their places for the night. It is a motley assemblage that gathers in this "Cathedral". Next to a recently released convict, still showing his prison pallor and shaven head, may sit a man with truly aristocratic features. There are faces merely brutal, and faces that betray a sensitive spirit. All are here, bowed to the common necessity for food and shelter.

We left Chinatown at its boundary line, Mott Street, walked one block west to Mulberry Street, and found ourselves—in Italy! The transition was sudden and complete. Pushcarts loaded with green vegetables and fruits lined the curbs, and the outdoor stands of the shops

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crowded far out on the sidewalk. We named it for ourselves "the street of foods", for the smells of foods—acid or mellow—filled our nostrils, and everywhere we looked we saw food of one kind or another. Cheeses and sausages of weird shapes and colors hung from sidewalk racks, vats of olives and open trays of sticky fruits stood outside doorways. One shop showed nothing but fish—but every kind of fish known to man as edible, from harmless smelts to fierce-looking periwinkles and octopi. Another shop was devoted to bread—great round loaves, yard-long loaves. A whole lamb hung seasoning in one doorway, and in another tobacco was drying, soon to be made into the strangely shaped cigars, slender black weeds with villainous twists, which were displayed in so many of the windows.

At mid-afternoon when buyers throng around the push-carts and stalls, voices rise shrill in disputes over prices, but it is difficult to believe that this neighborhood was, not so many years ago, a stronghold of the "Black Hand", that Italian secret society of criminals who carried on remorseless vendettas. What a hold of terror they had over their victims, the following incident will illustrate. One day a shot was heard on Mulberry Street. Police came running. A boy lay dead on the sidewalk; but not a soul was in sight, except one old man cowering in a doorway. The officers questioned him, but he had heard nothing, seen nothing; the boy was totally unknown to him. Yet, in the course of the investigation, detectives discovered that the young man was his son!

At the upper end of Mulberry Street stands a building

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long famous in New York annals. As "300 Mulberry Street" it was known to criminals and police alike from one end of town to the other—for it was Police Headquarters. It is a wide-fronted building of stone, now grimy with age and dirt, for it was built in 1862. A steep flight of stairs leads to the doorway; and inside, the rooms are large and high-ceiled, with thick walls and open fireplaces where coal fires gave once the only heat. Into this place for many years were brought the most notorious criminals, on their way to trial and prison. Here, as Police Commissioner, served such men as Theodore Roosevelt, General Greene, General Bingham, Colonel Arthur Woods, and William McAdoo, who later was to return, and remain for twenty-five years as New York's first Chief City Magistrate. The old building is still the office of the Chief City Magistrate.

Next door, to the north, is a red brick building with curtained windows and a gentle air of dignity. It is St. Barnabas House, an Episcopal home for girls.

One block south, on the corner of Mulberry and Prince Streets, stands St. Patrick's Church, the Old Cathedral. The entrance is on Mott Street, one block east. Built in 1809, it was the Cathedral church until the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue and 50th Street, was opened in 1878. It is a stark building, and high brick walls surround the graveyard, in the center of which stands the church. The niches remain unadorned; perhaps events moved too rapidly in this neighborhood. When the church was built, it looked out on cornfields and meadows. Then for a brief period it was in the center

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of fashion; all too soon, however, the district changed to the dreary place it is today. With a large school to support, and much neighborhood work, there is never money left over for the adornment of the church itself.

On Houston Street we turned back to the Bowery. There we took the "El" downtown to Canal Street; then walked four blocks east to Allen Street. In this part of New York, every street has a character of its own; distinct "towns" are encompassed within a few blocks, and Allen Street is "Brasstown". From Canal on the south to Delancey on the north, almost every other shop window displays copper and brassware. In some shops the brightly shining machine-made ware is most in evidence, and in others the imported, hand-beaten pieces are in the majority. In the shop of Paleschuck, Inc., at No. 37, the few examples of the machine-made are thoroughly put to shame by the samovars, water bottles, bowls and pitchers from beyond the seas. There are pieces from Persia, so delicately chased, and from Syria and Egypt and Russia. Most of the dishes are pewter-lined when they reach this country, for they have been used for holding food or water, and the things from Syria, Persia and Egypt are usually pewter-coated as well, because in those countries much of the cooking is done outdoors over open fires. In this country the dealer rubs off the pewter, sometimes entirely, and sometimes only partially so that the old copper is a warm rosy glow under the cool gray.

We strolled east from Allen Street and then turned north on Orchard. "You're in the heart of the Ghetto

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now," said John. "And here is a good chance to study the development of retail trade."

It appeared that everybody here lives by selling things to others, and this selling we observed in all its stages. We nearly stumbled over a few cardboard boxes laid out on the sidewalk—that retailer had not yet amassed a sufficient sum to invest in a pushcart. The pushcart is the next step, of course, and every possible variety lined the curbs, displaying every sort of article which might, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, appeal to somebody as usable.

All over New York the man or woman with a sack or an old baby carriage is a familiar sight, pawing over the trash cans and filling his sack or cart with the loot. Down in the Ghetto we saw these gleanings from the trash cans arrayed in pushcarts—and for sale! Cart after cart filled with old talc and tooth powder cans, cracked mirrors, snaggle-toothed combs, a tarnished silver goblet, worn-out shoes and hats, battered pocketbooks, bits of metal, nondescript pieces of used cloth, bundles of brassy cutlery—and in the midst of all this dusty refuse, a photograph of a chubby little cadet in a silver frame. When the trash picker has collected enough money, he buys a stock of new, inexpensive goods. For the most part, a cart handled only one line of merchandise. "Sock department—ten cents today, lady!" The next cart might carry a rack of suits, or stacks of cheap crockery, or shirts, or remnants of yard goods.

The next stage is a narrow stall-like shop, the walls piled high and overflowing onto the sidewalk. And then,

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when they graduate from that, the Ghetto knows them no more, for they disperse to other parts of the city and open small, inexpensive stores.

Trade was brisk at every bank of pushcarts. The streets were crowded, with people elbowing and jostling, leaning over one another's shoulders, thrusting out acquisitive hands to pinch and feel. We enjoyed it for a while, then made our way north and west, back toward the Bowery. Emerging from the narrow teeming streets, we called it a day and climbed to the Third Avenue Elevated platform once more.

As our train went north we chanced to look down on a little forgotten graveyard in the block bounded by the Bowery, Second Avenue and 2nd Street. "That must be the old Marble Cemetery," said John. "When Second Avenue was the most fashionable residential street in New York this little plot was set aside—in 1830, I believe—and the ancestors of many of the prominent New Yorkers of today are buried here."

Later, refreshed by baths and naps, we dressed for the evening. "After all our 'slumming' I want to dine in a quiet and rather sumptuous place," I told John, and after a little discussion we decided on Voisin's, at 375 Park Avenue, where the French cooking is excellent; then a play, and the Persian Room at the Plaza for supper afterward. This is one of the most attractive restaurants in town. The delicate designs of its Persian murals make a setting of charm, and the music and floor-shows are distinguished.

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BRIGHT AND EARLY next morning we got on a Fifth Avenue bus, bound for the Metropolitan Museum of Art at 82nd Street.

640 Fifth Avenue is the town house of the Cornelius Vanderbilts, one of the few surviving residences on this part of the Avenue. On the northwest corner of 53rd Street is the Episcopal Church of St. Thomas. We peered around the corner at 54th Street to catch a glimpse of the John D. Rockefeller house at No. 4 on the south side. It was completed in 1865, and a contemporary photograph shows it standing alone with gardens on each side, while to the rear (where now Rockefeller Center makes a city within a city) stretches an area of waste land, dotted with occasional shacks. The John D. Rockefeller, Jr., house is farther in on West 54th Street, at No. 10. On the northwest corner of that street is the University Club; at the same corner of 55th is the Gotham, and on the opposite side of the Avenue, the St. Regis Hotel.

We glanced left and right on 57th, the street of smart dress shops and picture galleries. At 59th the Plaza opened on our left, a pendant to Central Park. The fountain in the Plaza was the gift of Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World*; in the spring the lightly-clad lady in

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the center looks down on beds of tulips a-growing and a-blowing. This is the last sculpture executed by Karl Bitter, and was completed by Isidore Konti. The Plaza Hotel is to the west of the little square; to the east are the Savoy-Plaza and, on the north corner of 59th Street, the Sherry-Netherland—handsome and impressive buildings all. The Hotel Pierre at 61st Street stands on the ground once occupied by the old Elbridge Gerry mansion. The pleasant Colonial house on the corner above is the Knickerbocker Club. Just inside the Park at 64th Street the old Armory, built in 1848, has been restored to its original rosy brick. During the Civil War, troops were housed and drilled here. The familiarly-known "Zoo" lies back of the Armory.

A block to the north, the beautiful synagogue, Temple Emanu-El, rears its lovely walls. We promised ourselves a later visit. This upper stretch of Fifth Avenue was, in the early 1900's, lined with the residences of the wealthy and famous, but now comparatively few of the houses remain, and still fewer are occupied. No. 871 is the Harry Payne Whitney house, No. 881 the Lewisohns'. The Frick home, at 70th Street, is now a museum—which we passed with barely a look, for we were saving up that treasure house for a long visit.

We mounted the wide flight of steps to the Metropolitan Museum, and found ourselves in the great entrance hall. John immediately purchased the Museum's *Guide to the Collections* (Part I—Ancient and Oriental Art; Part II—European and American Art). We had heard that these two booklets were guides in truth, selecting

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for the visitor the most important in each of the collections, and supplying historic and informational backgrounds which make a trip through the Museum a far more interesting experience than one based only on a catalogue and hazy recollections of art books read months or years before.

With our *Guide* secured, we went through the turnstile and set off to see the collections that particularly interested us.

The Egyptian Department contains one of the largest and most superb collections in the world. So artistically is it displayed that, entering the reconstructed Tomb of Per-neb (Second Egyptian Room), we seemed really to be stepping back into ancient Egypt. In the Fifth Room are the funerary models of Meket-Re, which were set in a tomb-chamber so cunningly hidden that it had escaped both the ancient robbers who plundered the burial-chamber, and also a modern archaeological expedition of the late 19th century which explored the tomb. When after nearly four thousand years it was finally opened, the fingerprints of the men who had originally placed the models there were still discernible. These boats and groups are among the most important discoveries of the Museum's Egyptian expedition, and are enchanting. We delighted especially in the pleasure barge of the Egyptian grandee, with his musicians and servants in attendance as he sits in state on the deck, and in the miniature granary, with the grain in the bins and the busy tally-clerks at work.

Jewelry and ornaments are in the Seventh Room. "Oh,



Third Day. The North River Waterfront of Manhattan from the Burr-Hamilton Duelling ground in Weehawken, New Jersey.
Photo by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

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how lovely!" I breathed, bending over the necklaces and girdles of the Princess Sit Hat-Hor Yunet. "Certainly no costume jewelry can ever be more beautiful than the Egyptian." The alabaster Canopic jar of King Semenkha-Re (No. 1 in the Ninth Room) is one of the Museum's most important Egyptian antiquities. The many statues of Queen Hat-shepsut are in the Twelfth Room, the marble one at the center of the south wall being one of the masterpieces of XVIII Dynasty sculpture.

Along with these outstanding treasures of ancient Egypt, here and there we kept coming upon little tables and low chairs, folding beds, wooden "pillows", piles of linen sheets, tools, toilet cases, combs, mirrors, cosmetic jars, games, and so forth—articles of daily use that helped us to see the Egyptians not only as temple-builders but as men and women.

Returning to the entrance hall, we went to its opposite (south) end, where the famous Winged Bull and Winged Lion which used to guard the gateways of the palace of King Ashur-nasir-apal III now stand before the entrance to the Mesopotamian Gallery. These two are the Museum's most imposing monuments from ancient Mesopotamia.

Going on to the Department of Greek and Roman Art, we made our way through the chronologically arranged rooms and down through the Sculpture Hall to the Roman Court, noting a few of the most important things as we went: the bronze dagger blade (2) in the collection of Cretan antiquities; the krater (1) of Attic black-figured

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ware in the Third Room; the statuette of a horse (1), Fourth Room, which is an outstanding work from a period famous for its animal sculpture, and artistically the most important bronze in the collection; the red-figured amphora (3) in the Fourth Room; in the Fifth Room the beautiful Gravestone of a Girl (1), where the child and her doves, in bas-relief, are the very embodiment of love and tenderness. The cubiculum (2) reconstructed in the Eighth Room interested us greatly, its plastered walls decorated with frescoes that feature architectural compositions.

"Modern photomurals aren't so wonderfully modern after all," John commented. That was what impressed us throughout the Greek and Roman Department, finding the seeds of so much of our so-called modern art in the art of two thousand and more years ago. Chirico's horses that so fascinate us today certainly have something in common with that little bronze horse back in the Fourth Room; the decorations on the jars of archaic periods are seen again in our most modern ware; the lecture hall of the Planetarium, completed in New York in 1935, is decorated with silhouettes of buildings, and the frescoes in that ancient Pompeian bedroom depict, not land- and sea-scapes, but city-scapes.

Entering the Sculpture Hall at the north end, we paused by the Statue of a Youth (1), the only well-preserved example from the VII century B.C., and the Statue of an Amazon (6), a Roman copy of a renowned work by Polykleitos.

The Roman Court we found delightful with its ivy-

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bordered grass plots, trees, pool, and marble benches where the foot-weary may rest. Some of the finest of the later things in the classical collection are grouped here. The Head of Epikouros (3), at the north end of the east walk, is considered one of the finest examples of Hellenistic portraiture; and it appeared to us more than a portrait of the man himself, for with its dignity and perfection it seemed almost a symbolization of the philosophy, so sadly travestied by later ages, that strove above all things for the well-being of the soul. The Portrait of a Woman (13) is at the south end of the garden, one of the most sympathetic of Roman feminine portraits from the III century; the Statue of an Old Market Woman (10), a marvelous piece of characterization, is in the center of the west walk. Ancient bronzes of large size are rare, and the three in or beside the garden are of special interest: the Statue of a Boy (5); Statue of a Camillus (6); Statue of Emperor Trebonianus Gallus (8).

We had not much time to spend among the Etruscan antiquities, but could not forego seeing, in Gallery K 7, the huge terra cotta statues so full of spirit and verve, representing Mars or his warriors; nor could we leave without visiting Gallery K 4, where the Etruscan jewelry is simply breath-taking in its delicate craftsmanship—all the more remarkable when compared with the primitive energy of their sculpture.

Although it was in the nature of an heroic leap across the ages, we decided to go through the American Wing next, in order to be sure not to miss it, and following the suggestion in the *Guide* we entered it from the third floor

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so as to go through the three periods in their proper order. Again pressure of time permitted only a passing inspection, but we were especially taken with the reproductions of the Hart House Parlor (M 27) from Ipswich, and the Capen House Kitchen (M 26) from Topsfield, Massachusetts—rooms which exemplify the first permanent dwellings in New England. The sliding inside shutters in the room from Newington, Connecticut (M 20), made us think of Indians stealing up on a little house in the wilderness, and the family inside closing tight these wooden shutters to guard themselves as best they could. More gracious than these New England rooms is the room from Woodbury, Long Island (M 24), and the violet and white Scripture tiles of the fireplace there we found delightful.

The rooms on the third floor represent the First Period, Jacobean style. Descending the stairs we came to the second floor where the rooms are of the Second Period, Georgian style. We paused longest in the room from Almodington, Maryland (M 15), where the panelled walls, deep rose window-hangings, shell-topped cupboards flanking the fireplace, and Delft ware on the mantel are all typical of the average mid-XVIII century interior of a gentleman's house. As we passed through the Assembly Room from the City Tavern in Alexandria, Virginia (M 16), John reminded me that Washington's last birthday ball was held in this room in 1798.

The rooms on the first floor exemplify the Third Period, neo-classic style, and the dining room from Baltimore, Maryland (M 6), in its simplicity and studied

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symmetry, is typical of the restraint and dignity of the period. Another most interesting room, although in style and date it belongs with the rooms on the second floor, is the hall from the Van Rensselaer Manor House (M 30) with its famous scenic wallpaper. Seascapes and landscapes taken from engravings after popular paintings of the period are painted in tempera on sheets of water-color paper no larger than 21 x 27, and then expertly fitted together to cover entirely the walls of the manor house hall. Stephen Van Rensselaer was the last of the patroons along the Hudson, and this house which he built in Albany was one of the most important examples of Georgian architecture in the Middle Colonies.

In M 4 are some of the finest pieces from Duncan Phyfe's most successful period. The furniture in the room from Petersburg, Virginia (M 7), is also largely from the workshop of Duncan Phyfe. Passing through L 4 on our way to the exit, we paused to look at the fine artistry of the Paul Revere silver (9-11). It was interesting to see our hero of the midnight ride as a craftsman.

Finding ourselves in the Morgan Wing, we decided to go through it now, although if one is to follow the Mediæval and Renaissance periods chronologically, one should begin from the other end.

Since we were so near Gallery L 2, we went there first to see the Limoges enamels, among them nine of the celebrated series of plaques with scenes from the *Aeneid* (2), and looked into the Swiss Room (L 1) to see the huge tile stove (3) in the corner. Then we began our tour of the Morgan Wing proper. The north half of F 7 is the

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mediaeval end, and there as one enters is the marble Angel (9), which is one of the few important Italian Gothic sculptures in America, and the famous alabaster retable and altar (1). At the left center is the Madonna and Child (10) by Claus Sluter; over at the right is the group of St. Anne Instructing the Virgin (5), instinct with gentle charm. In F 2 and F 3 is the celebrated collection of reliquaries, plaques, book covers, and objects used in mediaeval liturgies. At the north end of F 4 is the Virgin of the Annunciation (12), one of the loveliest of Gothic sculptures.

Back in F 7 we went to the Renaissance section which is in the south end. The Pietà (2) by Della Robbia is at the right, and at the left is the Nativity (1) from the workshop of Rossellino. In F 8 the shell-shaped red jasper cup (1), characteristic of the style of Cellini, occupies a case of its own at the south end, and the jewelled gold chalice (2) by a German goldsmith of later date is in a case at the opposite end.

Leaving the Morgan Wing, we next went through the light and spacious Gallery C 22, where we saw Andrea della Robbia's beautiful altarpiece, the Assumption of the Virgin (1), and Luca della Robbia's tondo of Prudence (2). We then went through to Gallery A 16 and 17, where some of the most important mediaeval tapestries are hung: the Crucifixion Scene (11), a fragment of what is considered the earliest known tapestry; the King Arthur tapestry (13); and the three famous Rose Garden tapestries (16-18). After seeing so much of the modern stained glass in the New York churches, we were also

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interested in the mediaeval windows here (19 and 20).

Before returning to the entrance hall, we inquired the way to the Gallery of Modern European Sculpture (B 19), where there are more than twenty sculptures by Rodin—among them the well-known Hand of God, as well as the great bronzes of Adam and Eve. Also in this gallery is work by Maillol, Bourdelle, and Landowski. As we went back to the main entrance hall we passed through one of the long narrow galleries by the staircase where modern American sculpture is displayed. The galleries on either side of the main stairway, on both first and second floors, are devoted to American sculpture, and on our way to the Altman collection we made it a point to go through D 9, on the second floor, to see the comprehensive collection of the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

The Altman collection is on the second floor, at the extreme south. In Gallery K 35 are Dutch XVII century paintings, with a truly superb collection of Rembrandts which includes the "Portrait of the Artist" (1) and the "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails" (2). Gallery K 31 contains one of the greatest treasures of the Altman collection, the glittering gold and enamel "Rospigliosi Cup" (1) which has always been attributed to Cellini, master goldsmith of the ages. The wide shell of the cup, fluted gold and enamel, is supported by a gorgeous winged serpent which, in turn, is borne on the back of a golden turtle. And riding the shell is another mythical creature, with the head of a Venus and the body of a salamander. We gazed at it with drawn breath, each minutest detail

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is so marvelously executed. On the walls of this gallery hang famous paintings of various schools, among them Velasquez's "Philip IV of Spain" (1).

Now we felt that we could delay our visit to the Paintings Department no longer and hastened to the Marquand Gallery, at the head of the main stairway, where important paintings of various schools are placed together: among them, the "Madonna and Child Enthroned with Saints" (1) by Raphael; "Mars and Venus" (3) by Veronese; and the portrait of James Stuart (4) by Van Dyck.

With the exception of the Marquand Gallery, the pictures in the galleries are arranged by schools and more or less chronologically. Galleries C 40, 37, 36 are devoted to Northern primitives, and notable among them are "The Crucifixion" and "The Last Judgment" (1) by Hubert van Eyck, on the right as one enters C 40. On the opposite wall is "Christ Appearing to His Mother" (2), the earliest work positively assignable to Roger van der Weyden. As we passed through C 37 Breugel's "Harvesters" (1) hung on the left, and we spoke of the influence Breugel's work has had on our painters today, right down to Grant Wood. At the far end of C 36 is the portrait of Leonello d'Este (1) by Roger van der Weyden.

We retraced our steps to C 39 to see the Italian primitives chronologically. On the wall immediately to the right as we entered from C 40, is "The Epiphany" (1) painted by a pupil of Giotto under his supervision. At the far end of C 38 is the "Three Miracles of St. Zenobius" (1) by Botticelli, and on our left as we passed into

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the next gallery is Benvenuto di Giovanni's "Assumption of the Virgin" (2). In C 35 Bellini's "Madonna and Sleeping Child" (1) is on the stand in the center of the room; on the right wall is the "Madonna and Child with the Infant St. John" (2) by Messina; at the far end is the familiar "St. Christopher" (3) by Pollaiuolo. Mantegna's "Adoration of the Shepherds" (1) is on the end wall at the right in C 34. In C 33 "The Entombment" (2) by Brescia is on the end wall at the left; the "Assumption of the Virgin" (1) by Signorelli in the center of the long wall facing us; and at the far end "The Prioress" (3) by Moroni. As we entered C 30 Andrea del Sarto's "Holy Family" (3) was at our left, and on the wall immediately at our right hung Titian's "Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara" (1) and, just beyond, the altarpiece "Four Saints" (2) by Correggio. "A Doge in Prayer before the Redeemer" (4) by Tintoretto is on the next wall. We paused a moment in the doorway to C 31 A to see Tiepolo's ceiling, "The Glorification of Francesco Barbaro", then stepped inside to see the William Blake water-color drawings, and went through to C 31 B to look at the two Michelangelo drawings for the Libyan Sibyl.

We retraced our steps to C 29, where Canaletto's "Scene in Venice" (1) on the far end at our right, brought so vividly before us the days of Goldoni's plays, and carnivals on the Grand Canal.

C 28 is devoted to the work of Spanish painters, and on the far end wall are four paintings by El Greco, among them the celebrated "View of Toledo" (3) and the "Cardinal Don Fernando Nino de Guevara" (1). Goya's

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"Bull Fight" (4) was on our right as we passed to C 27.

Flemish and Dutch paintings of the XVII century are in C 27, among them several favorites: Rubens' "Portrait of an Old Man" (4) immediately at our right as we entered, his "Anne of Austria" on the long wall facing us, and on the near end wall at our left "Hille Babbe" (5), that robust characterization of a fishwife by Frans Hals the Younger. Dutch paintings are continued in C 26, and immediately on our left as we entered was Vermeer's "Lady with a Lute" (2), and farther over his "Young Woman with a Water Jug" (1). On the long wall at the left was the "Portrait of a Man" (4) by Frans Hals; and at the far end "The Gilder" (3) by Rembrandt and "The Visit" (5) by Pieter de Hooch.

We went directly left through C 24 to C 25, which appealed to us as a particularly beautifully arranged room with David's "Death of Socrates" (1) on one side, and on the opposite side Ingres' portraits of M. Leblanc (3) and Mme. Leblanc (4).

As we re-entered C 24 Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott (2) was on our left, and "The Hon. Henry Fane and His Guardians" (1) by Reynolds on the long wall facing us.

With the exception of the Louvre, no gallery contains a more noteworthy collection of Courbets than does the Metropolitan, and many of them are hung in A 21. Also in this gallery is Daumier's "Third Class Carriage" (3). In A 20 is Renoir's "By the Seashore", as well as his "Mme. Charpentier and Her Children" (1), and on the end wall are several of Degas' ballet girls.

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Passing rather quickly through B 19 and B 18 B we came to water-colors by Winslow Homer and Sargent in B 18 A, and went into B 17 where Corot's well-known "Sleep of Diana" (2) hangs on the facing wall, and the "Abduction of Rebecca" (1) by Delacroix is at the far end.

Coming to the early Americans in B 16, we noted the Gilbert Stuart portraits of Joseph Anthony, Jr. (2), and Mrs. Anthony (3) as well as one of his famous portraits of Washington (1), Copley's portrait of Madam Sylvanus Bourne (5), and Thomas Sully's "Original Study of Queen Victoria" (6)—all on the long wall at our right. In B 15 the "Lady with a Setter Dog" (2) and "Señora Gomez d'Arza" (3) by Eakins hang on the near end wall. Paintings by contemporary Americans occupy B 14, and since additions are frequent the arrangement is changed from time to time. In B 13 the "Unicorns" (2) and "Italian Hill Town" (3) by Arthur B. Davies were on the long wall facing us, and at the near end was Mary Cassatt's "Mother and Child" (4). Then in A 12, "Madame X" (1) by Sargent was on the left long wall, and just beyond it was Winslow Homer's dramatic "Gulf Stream" (4); on the right long wall hung Whistler's portrait of Théodore Duret (3), and "Moonlight-Marine" (7) by Albert P. Ryder; at the far end, "Peace and Plenty" (5) by Inness.

"I've reached the saturation point," I sighed, as our tour of the Paintings Department brought us again to the Marquand Gallery.

"So have I," John agreed, and we descended the stairs

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to leave the Museum, although it was with reluctance as we thought of all the collections we had left unvisited—the many, many galleries devoted to the post-Renaissance decorative arts, French, Italian and English, including textiles, metalwork, glass and ceramics, as well as furniture; the marvelous collection of prints; the Arms and Armor Departments; and all the arts of ancient China, of Japan, India and Persia, and of the Moslem Near East.

“I think some fresh air and a rest are in order, don’t you?” I asked as we emerged from the Museum.

We got into a taxi with instructions to the driver to take us around the Park. The East Drive is for the north-bound traffic, so we started in that direction, looking back at *Cleopatra’s Needle*, the obelisk which the Khedive of Egypt presented to the city in 1877, and whose twin stands on the Embankment in London. As we drove past the Reservoir, made in the meadow through which once flowed a stream that was the north branch of the Saw Kill, we could imagine what a fine place for a promenade it must be in the Spring, when the breeze blows fresh across the water and pale blossoms drift from the cherry trees.

When the region between 59th and 110th Streets was set aside as a park in 1853 it was a wild and overgrown place, with a few farms and many shanties scattered through it. The building of the eight hundred and forty acre Park took more than ten years, and was done by Andrew H. Green from designs by Olmstead and Vaux. There is now a memorial seat dedicated to Green, with five trees around it to represent the five boroughs, on the

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site of the old McGown's Pass Tavern. A pleasant custom of the Tavern was to award each year a bottle of champagne to the driver of the first sleigh to arrive after the first snow storm.

McGown's Pass, on a line with the present 107th Street, was a gap in the hills through which ran the main road to Harlem. The American troops straggled through here late in the afternoon of September 15, 1776, the day when the British actually landed in Manhattan, and barely had the last ones gone through when British horsemen dashed up and inquired of a lad, who was loitering near, which way the rebels had gone. Little Andrew McGown, whose father owned a farm hereabouts, led the redcoats a wild-goose chase through devious bypaths while the Americans put a safe distance between themselves and their followers.

The whole northern section of the Park is full of historical interest. During the Revolution the British raised fortifications when they occupied the Island; and the Americans built others when they expected an attack on New York in the War of 1812. Block House No. 1, built in 1814, still stands on a little hill across from Warrior's Gate at Seventh Avenue, and we saw the flag flying from Fort Clinton on its eminence near Fifth Avenue at the 105th Street entrance. In this corner of the Park the bird sanctuary now occupies several acres.

"Of all things!" John exclaimed, as we passed an old landau with the coachman high on the box, slowing up the swift streams of cars, and I smiled too, it seemed such an anachronism. But our driver told us that a few of the

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old coachmen still maintain their stand at the south end of the Park, and in the spring, particularly on Easter Sunday afternoon, make several circuits of the Park every day. In winter they bring out their ancient sleighs when a snowstorm covers the Park.

On the West Drive, below the Reservoir, we saw signs pointing the way to the Shakespeare Garden, in which are planted only flowers and herbs mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. Near the West 59th Street entrance, the Tavern-on-the-Green caught our eyes. An old brick sheepfold was remodelled into this attractive English-looking restaurant, where in summer the terrace is gay with sun umbrellas, and horseback riders dismount before the door for cooling drinks. It is owned and operated by the City, and the meals are very reasonable. We stopped here for luncheon.

Afterward we strolled east past the lake where swans and swan-boats float in summer, then a little way along the Mall, with its statues (very sad, some of these, such as Burns with his sore throat!), then, turning to the right, came down to the Zoo, passing on the way the statue of Balto, the famous dog who carried serum to Nome during an epidemic.

The Zoo has lately been completely remodelled, and it is charming—like a zoo in a child's picture-book. The buildings are connected and form three sides of a square. Of the same rose-red brick as the Armory, they are adorned with spirited friezes of the animals within. These latter look bland and contented in their new homes. The open space before the houses is occupied by the pools for

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the seals. Even the little peddlers' carts full of candy and popcorn and nuts are as gaily decorated as miniature circus vans.

Coming out of the Park, we found ourselves only a block from the synagogue at 65th Street, and decided to delay no longer, but enter it at once. Temple Emanu-El is one of the largest synagogues in the world, and surely it is among the most beautiful. The Temple proper is in basilica form, long and rectangular, with immense height—and a further illusion of height is created by the strips of gold going up in vertical lines between the acoustolith tiles with which the walls are faced. The character of the sanctuary must appeal to all as supremely fitting. Entirely without ostentation, its beauty comes from its fine simple lines and richness of materials. Surprising warmth of color is effected with marble and glass mosaics designed by Hildreth Meière, whose plaques on the 50th Street wall of the Radio City Music Hall we had already seen, and whose mosaic work in St. Bartholomew's we were looking forward to seeing. It was easy to believe that it took over a year to assemble the thousands of bits of glass that form the mosaic arch and panels. In its splendor the great arch typifies the whole building—colorful yet restrained, and all worked out with such artistry and infinite care in details.

Out on Fifth Avenue again, I suggested to John that we go in search of some of the recently redeemed residential sections of which we had heard so much. "We'll begin with the one farthest uptown, Gracie Square, at 86th Street and the East River."

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A taxi took us there in a few minutes. Approached along spacious 86th Street, the neighborhood has a leisurely air, and the pleasant Carl Schurz Park gives it a gardeny look. There are still some of the small brick houses of the 90's remaining among the big apartment buildings, and quietly aloof from them all stands the Gracie Mansion. It was built by Archibald Gracie in 1794 or thereabouts, on the site of an old Revolutionary fort.

The house has recently been restored and opened to the public as another historic home. Spacious and dignified, the whole place spelled hospitality to us, from the wide front door right up the broad sweep of the staircase. Few, if any, of the original furnishings are now here, but the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of the City of New York, and Mr. Francis P. Garvan have contributed generously of their collections. The drawing room, to the west of the large entrance hall, is a strikingly beautiful room. Here is a priceless Astor piano, a Hepplewhite sideboard and serving tables loaned by Mr. Garvan, a mahogany Martha Washington chair, and so on. The marble mantelpiece is an original; the ceiling moldings were faithfully copied in the restoration.

Opening from the east side of the front hall is the library—and the French windows on two sides give a view of the river that would certainly keep my eyes and thoughts wandering from any book! The design of the wallpaper, stressing the American eagle and the head of George Washington, recalls the intense patriotism of the decades just following the Revolution, when the newly adopted symbol of the new nation was incorporated into

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the decoration of every home. Leading from the library is the dining room, formal and charming.

Upstairs we saw our fill of four-poster beds and high-boys—in the northwest room where John brought to my attention the old-time chair rail and lower wall panelling, in the northeast room which has been completely furnished by the Colonial Dames of America, in the southeast room which might well be called the “maple room”. The little child’s room was what captivated me, however, with its warm yellow paper, bird’s-eye maple crib, diminutive chairs and tables and desk.

On our way out, we stood a moment on the porch picturing the first days here, when this was a neighborhood of country estates, and sailing vessels, not tugs and barges trailing black smoke, went up and down the river, when the islands opposite were green farmlands unblemished by prisons and city institutions, when Washington Irving wrote, “Mr. Gracie has moved into his new home and I find a very warm reception at the fireside.”

A neighbor of the Gracies’ was John Jacob Astor, whose country home stood on the site now occupied by the Doctors’ Hospital, at 88th Street and East End Avenue. At the lower end of the Avenue two of the leading private schools for girls are now located.

We drove down First Avenue, pausing at 61st Street for a peek at No. 421, a little stone house with tall hedges and picket fence, wedged in between gas tanks and garages. In 1799 Colonel William Smith, aide-de-camp of Washington, and husband of a daughter of President John Adams, decided to build a “Mount Vernon on the East

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River". He finished the coach house and work was begun on the mansion, but it proved too expensive an undertaking, and Colonel Smith and his family continued to live in the small house which now remains. As a result of the failure of his grandiose plans, the place became known as "Smith's Folly". It is now a headquarters for the Colonial Dames of America.

We drove under the high span of the Queensboro Bridge at 59th Street, its ceaseless traffic thundering over our heads, and emerged in Sutton Place, which runs along York Avenue from 59th to 54th Street. For many years this was an unpretentious neighborhood of small houses and cheap "flats", but since the day some fifteen years ago when Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt built her Georgian brick house on the northeast corner of 57th Street and Sutton Place, it has become one of the most fashionable spots in New York in which to live. The houses on the east side have gardens looking over the river; Miss Anne Morgan lives in No. 3, and on the same block is the home of Miss Miriam Hopkins, of stage and screen fame. We found Sutton Court—a tiny half-block on the river's edge between 58th and 59th Streets—in quaint contrast to the smartness of its surroundings, for here are still the small houses of the past with iron railings around their yards. It has a quiet, rather English, charm.

We followed one of the dead-end streets out to the river and paused a moment, taking in the scene. We saw the grand sweep of Hell Gate Bridge up to the north, the new Cornell Medical Center buildings rising white and

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straight against the sky, Welfare Island directly opposite, and far to the south more bridges, and the towers of commerce. It is an ever-changing, helter-skelter view that comes near to epitomizing New York.

Welfare—formerly Blackwell's—Island extends from 51st to 86th Street, and is thickly covered with city institutions—hospitals, almshouses, houses of correction, and the City Prison. This last is being demolished and will be replaced by a Health Center. By the Indians the island was called Minnahanonck. In 1673 Captain John Manning made it a refuge after he had been court-martialled and found guilty of "neglect of duty and cowardice" in surrendering Fort James to the Dutch fleet. He was sentenced to be "brought out to the publick place before the city hall, there to have his sword broken over his head." A step-daughter of his inherited the island, which was then given the name of her husband's family, Blackwell. It was bought by the City in 1828.

At 51st Street we turned into Beekman Place. It is smaller than Sutton, and narrower, but the resemblance is close—large modern apartments, and a few remodelled private houses. Many well-known people live there—Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, the Austin Strongs, are some of them. The street takes its name from the Beekman estate which used to occupy this section of the river-front. The mansion stood on the corner of the present 51st Street and First Avenue, and it was in the Beekmans' drawing-room that Nathan Hale was tried and sentenced by the

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British officers. He spent his last night confined in the greenhouse, and was executed down near 46th Street.

Back at our hotel we rested a bit, then changed for the evening. The idea of a Swedish dinner appealed to us both, so we went to the Kungsholm, 142 East 55th Street, and ate so much of the insidious *smorgasbord* that we almost spoiled our appetites for the other good food to follow! Later, we marvelled at Radio City Music Hall—its size, the modern beauty of its lines and colors and lighting. The show delighted us—such good dancing and singing, besides an interesting picture. After the performance we took the opportunity to go through the lounges and see the things that we had only briefly glimpsed during the tour that first morning. We wanted a longer look at William Zorach's *Dancing Figure* that was given its place in the Grand Lounge only after bitter debate, at Louis Bouché's vignettes in the black walls down there. In the main foyer we found the *Eve* by Gwen Lux, and on the first mezzanine Robert Laurent's *Girl and the Goose*. And we paid homage to Ezra Winter for executing a mural that fills so huge and awkward a space above the stairway.

To wind up the evening, we went to the supper dance in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the RCA tower. Very gay and modern it was. A color organ throws shifting lights on the revolving dance floor, and from the windows we could see all New York ablaze below us. The floor show was entertaining, and left us in the mood for more amusement. A discussion of the rival attractions of various supper clubs ended at last in the decision to make

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a night of it, and visit as many as time allowed! So on we went, sampling the Russian atmosphere of the Russian Eagle at the Sherry-Netherland, and the Maisonnette Russe at the St. Regis, and ending up in the Spanish setting of El Morocco, at 154 East 54th Street.

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"THERE'S ONE PLACE I want very much to see," I said to John next morning, "and that's the Jumel Mansion. What a history that old house has had! It was built by a British officer, Roger Morris, in 1765. In 1776 it became Washington's headquarters—for the Tory owners had departed. He stayed there from September 16 to October 21, and around it were the camps of some 8,000 of his volunteers. After the army's retreat to Westchester and the surrender of Fort Washington, the American prisoners were gathered in the barns behind the house and held there, before being transferred to the hulks and the prisons downtown. During the British occupation Sir Henry Clinton the Commandant occupied the house for a time, and towards the end of the Revolution it became the Hessian headquarters. After the war, the mansion became the property of M. Jumel, a wealthy French merchant; and here his wife, the amazing Mme. Jumel, gave her lavish entertainments. Here too, it was, that she brought her seventy-seven-year-old bridegroom, when in 1833 she married Aaron Burr."

"Let's go today," said John.

An Eighth Avenue subway took us to 163rd Street, a few blocks from Jumel Terrace, where the fine old Geor-

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gian house stands. "No wonder it was a favorite headquarters with the generals of both armies," John commented as we paused for a moment before its stately portico. "Even the British officers must have conceded that the colonists did themselves rather well when they could build a house like this." The walls are two feet thick and lined with brick imported from Holland, and almost every one of the nineteen rooms has a fireplace of its own.

The Tea Room, the southwest room on the first floor, is the one where Mme. Jumel and Aaron Burr were married, and the northwest room is now known as the Guard Room in memory of the days of its use by Washington's bodyguard. The beautiful octagonal drawing-room was the council chamber where Washington received his officers; it is said that Nathan Hale received his fateful orders here, and that courts-martial were usually held in this room mornings at nine o'clock.

There are many reminders throughout the house of the Jumels' long sojourn in France, whence they went in 1815 in their own ship, the *Eliza*. Among other things are the chair once owned by Napoleon, a clock presented by him to Mme. Jumel, a chandelier like one at Fontainebleau. Upon their return home the Jumels in their turn had the honor of entertaining a number of distinguished Frenchmen, including Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, Lafayette, Louis Philippe and Talleyrand. It was in 1825 that Lafayette visited here and used the northwest room on the second floor. The southeast one was Washington's

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during his occupancy in 1776. The Map Room on this floor was originally the room where pompadours and periwigs were powdered.

John and I explored the house to the very garret, where the quilting, candle, and spinning rooms remind one of the responsibilities of housewives in earlier days; and then to the basement to see the kitchen, laundry, wine cellar, storeroom, pantry, dairy, and servants' quarters.

"Quite a place!" John said when we went outside again, and I wondered at the terseness of his comment until his next words gave me a clue to his train of thought. "Hamilton's Grange is only a few blocks below here, you know, down on Convent Avenue near 141st Street. They say that Aaron Burr was never heard to express regret, to the very end of his life, about that duel. But I'd like to know, after he'd married Mme. Jumel and was living up here, whether he used to pass The Grange, and if he did how he felt?"

It was in 1801, after Alexander Hamilton had retired as Secretary of the Treasury, that he built his country home out here. He threw himself into the planning of the house and gardens with great enthusiasm—as he wrote to a friend at that time, "A garden, you know, is a very usual refuge of a disappointed politician." The house was completed in 1802, and he and his wife and children had a thoroughly happy two years there. It was from The Grange that he set out that peaceful morning in July, 1804, and crossed the river for the duel at Weehawken, for although he had long been opposed to the practise of dueling and had advocated laws against it, when the



Photo by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

Fourth Day. Looking South from Rockefeller Center.

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challenge came from Burr he felt that he could not honorably refuse it. After his death, his widow did her best to keep the family together in the home they had all loved, but was eventually forced to dispose of it. It was later acquired by St. Luke's Church and used for a parish house, rectory and school. In 1924 the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society purchased it and now the first two floors are open to the public as a museum and library. It is a five-story structure, designed by John McComb, who was at the same time superintending the building of the City Hall.

"Whether he ever said as much or not, Aaron Burr must have regretted that duel," I told John, "if only for selfish reasons, for the shot that killed Alexander Hamilton ended his own political career too. You know how he remained in seclusion for five days, public sentiment was so strong, and then fled secretly to an island off Georgia."

We walked back toward the subway station at 163rd Street, and the bright sunshine soon dispelled our gloomy thoughts. "Now that we're so far uptown, let's go still farther, up to Fort Tryon Park and the Cloisters," John suggested.

I agreed enthusiastically and we took the Eighth Avenue subway train to Overlook Terrace, at 190th Street. When we came up into the daylight again, Fort Tryon Park was lying right at hand to the north. And a perfect gem of a park it is! The location itself is superb, on a height of land that drops precipitously to the blue waters of the Hudson River. Just to the south is the beautiful span of the George Washington Bridge, as graceful and

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daring as the flight of a bird. To the north the river stretches on and on, its blue unencumbered by bridges or ferries, so noble a river that we thought we could scarcely blame Henry Hudson for mistaking it for that long-sought passage to China. What a grievous disappointment it must have been, after navigating it as far as Albany, to find it shrinking into a mere inland water-course after all!

The sixty acres of Fort Tryon Park used to be the setting for the "castle" of C. K. G. Billings, who owned some of the famous horses of the day and whose name was long connected with turf activities. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., purchased the property some years ago with the thought of presenting it to the City as a public park, and after more than three million dollars had been spent on landscaping and the new Cloisters Building, it was opened in 1935. Green lawns have been made to grow where were rocky ledges before; old trees have been transplanted and hundreds of new ones set out; hedges, shrubbery and flowerbeds make it a place of beauty. A heather garden lies between the main entrance and the high terrace, and beyond the terrace is an Alpine garden, with cool grotto and pool.

We followed the path up to the terrace where the flag blows taut in the wind, reminding us that the old Fort Tryon used to be here. Its earthworks were the northern outpost of the line of fortifications that extended along the river. Fort Washington was a few blocks south (183rd to 185th Street) and across the Hudson on the Jersey shore was Fort Lee. It seemed to us that the American

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Army had chosen its position well on the Heights of Fort Washington and Fort Tryon, with such a fine command of the Hudson on the west (ships were sunk off Jeffrey's Hook—Fort Washington Point—to impede the upriver progress of the British ships), and of the Harlem valley on the east. Yet General Washington was doubtful as to whether these forts could be held after the withdrawal of the main army to Westchester. Unfortunately, he was persuaded against his better judgment, and the battle that raged here on November 16, 1776, ended in one of the saddest defeats of the whole war. The numbers of the British and Hessians were far too powerful for the few hundreds of Continental troopers left here, and although they fought valiantly, defeat was inevitable. Nor was there any means of retreat, and at the end of the day all the surviving soldiers were captured by the British.

From the terrace, highest point in the park, one now looks out over the thickly populated Harlem valley to University Heights, where the colonnade of the Hall of Fame surmounts the steep ascent from the river. The view was so grand, the air so fresh and clear of the smoke of lower New York that I quite envied the people on the benches who had brought their books, papers, and knitting and were apparently spending the day.

At the north end of the park the new home of the Cloisters is rising. Its old location was a few blocks south of the park, adjacent to the home of George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, whose collections of mediaeval art formed the nucleus of this shrine which has, through the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., become a branch of the

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Metropolitan Museum. The new building is scheduled to open in January, 1938.

"How about studying some of the marvels of Nature, as a contrast to all the art and history we've been absorbing these last few days? Shall we pay a visit to the American Museum of Natural History and the Planetarium this afternoon?" John suggested.

"Just what I'd like," said I.

John consulted a little leaflet, and found that lectures in the Planetarium were given at 11 A.M., 2, 3, 4, 8 and 9 P.M. It was now noon; so we decided that we would go at once to the Planetarium, which adjoins the Museum, get reserved seats for the four o'clock lecture (the popularity of the Planetarium making this advisable), lunch in the Museum restaurant, visit the Museum itself, and then return to the Planetarium.

This program we proceeded to carry out. A downtown subway train at Overlook Terrace took us to 81st Street, a short distance from the entrance to the Planetarium. We entered the low building with its central dome, and having secured our tickets, asked the way into the Museum. "Let's not spoil it by glancing around until we come back later and really see it all," said I. So with carefully averted eyes we climbed the stairs, and followed the direction of the pointing signs which read "The Roosevelt Memorial".

We passed through the lofty Roosevelt Memorial Hall, with its portrait murals, and, on one wall, Roosevelt's Message to Youth.

Entering the Akeley African Hall from the Roosevelt

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Memorial is like stepping into the green depths of a jungle, with brilliant vistas opening on every side to give glimpses of groups of animals against mountains or plains. The eye is drawn from these, however, by the great elephant herd which dominates the room. Eight monsters seem to be advancing upon you as you stand in the doorway. The hall itself is very handsome, finished in dark green marble, with silver-finished panels in bas-relief—the work of John W. Hope. The decoration of the mezzanine is silver too. Before the columns which separate the group openings, stand bronze statues of African natives by Malvina Hoffman and other sculptors. The lighting is diffused, restful, and a little mysterious, bringing out the full value of the blazing sunshine on the various groups. A long cry indeed from the “stuffed animals” of old are these superbly modelled creatures against their native backgrounds. Sculptors, painters, botanists, have combined their art and knowledge to make a perfect whole.

One of the most striking groups shows a waterhole, where zebras, giraffes, and gazelles are gathered around the little pools in a dry riverbed. Behind them stretches a majestic landscape, with scattered herds of other animals. So subtly blended is the background that it is hard to distinguish where painting and modelling meet. The calm family life revealed in the lion group is a pleasant variation from the snarling angry aspect of the King of Beasts to which we are usually treated. One of the most beautiful of the groups shows the bongo, a tall antelope with twisted horns, white-striped, and varying in color from red-brown to black. Here we see two of these hand-

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some beasts roving through a bamboo grove. Arrangement, color and lighting, all are lovely. Most dramatic of all is the Mountain Gorilla Group. On a mountain slope, against the panorama of a volcanic range, stands the gigantic male, beating his breast, obviously lord of the smaller ones around him. If we lingered longest by the groups I have described, the others all held interest and beauty of their own. Among them stand out the Buffalo, the Gemsbok, the Eland, and the Greater Koodoo. Some spaces still are vacant, waiting for the donations which we hope will speedily fill them.

Up on the mezzanine floor three groups are already installed, with places for eleven more.

On leaving the African Hall we found ourselves near the restaurant and decided to lunch forthwith. It is a pleasant room, facing south, with colorful wall decorations and attractive furnishings which compensate for the somewhat mediocre food. While I ordered, John went downstairs to purchase a catalogue. He returned with that excellent booklet, the *General Guide to the Exhibition Halls*, and as we ate we glanced through it to get an idea of the most important items in the various collections we were about to see.

Refreshed, we set out eagerly on our tour of the Museum. In the long corridor from which the restaurant opens we paused to admire the habitat groups. This series is designed to show the major faunal areas of the world and their characteristic birds; and with their background paintings, settings complete as to terrain and vegetation, and the lifelike groupings of the birds, they are truly

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beautiful as well as instructive. I could have stayed a long time before the sub-arctic group, where the penguins brought to mind the many stories that Byrd's expedition to Little America told about those flightless, singularly "human" birds. I loved the downy brown chick sitting back to back with "mother" for warmth, and the other chicks getting their dinner by sticking their bills deep into the parent's.

After these it was only natural to enter the Hall of the Birds of the World where across the ceiling there is a marvelous exhibit of Birds in Flight—against a clouded sky, ducks and geese, as well as the condor and the eagle seem to be flying north at high speed. "That's the way my guide used to tell about them," John said, and I knew he was thinking of long hours spent lying in a gunning float, waiting with shotgun cocked for the ducks and geese that never flew over. We knew how impossible it would be to see all the birds shown in this hall, so confined ourselves to looking at a few of the groups of extinct birds, such as the strange dodo which used to be abundant on the island of Mauritius but was exterminated by early navigators. This stolid-looking bird, with its tremendous rounded bill and ludicrous tuft of tail feathers, has been restored with the aid of old Dutch paintings of a few dodos imported into northern Europe.

Retracing our steps and passing through the small gallery to the west, where are specimens of all the kinds of birds found within fifty miles of New York City, we next wandered into the Southwest Wing. Here was contrast indeed, for we had crossed the threshold into the ancient

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civilizations of Mexico and Central America. We were particularly pleased to find a few of the original Maya sculptures (in the big case immediately to the right as we entered). Then there were casts of the great monoliths in Quirigua and a model of the Temple of the Jaguars at Chichen Itza, with casts of one of the columns, of a statue, and of painted sculptures from that famous temple. In the next hall (Southwest Pavilion) exhibits of the early arts and industries outline the evolution of prehistoric cultures. The section to the left of the center aisle is devoted to collections from the Old World, arranged chronologically, while the section to the right is limited to antiquities typical of the United States and Canada, arranged mainly on a geographic basis. In the Old World collection are reproductions of those little sculptures executed in soapstone, limestone, reindeer antler, and ivory, which are the earliest known examples of artistic representation.

The next hall (West Wing) contains exhibits from the Indians of South America. The museum's collection of Peruvian cloths, so decorative and exquisitely woven, is one of the largest in the world. These pieces of fabric were found with mummies, and there is a special exhibit of mummy bundles—which interested us particularly after seeing the Egyptian mummies in the Metropolitan the day before.

"Let's find the Indians of North America now. I feel more of a personal pride in them," I told John, so we went downstairs to the Southwest Wing of the first floor. Immediately to our left as we entered were the relics

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found in Manhattan and its vicinity. The Indian lore fills three great halls: Indians of the Woodlands in the first, of the Plains in the second, of the Southwest in the third.

Returning to the main entrance hall of the museum, we stopped a moment in the North Wing which is devoted to the Indians of the North Pacific Coast, but by then we had had enough of Indians, and John was telling me that he wanted to find the Hall of Fishes and see those big game fishes taken by Zane Grey.

So we hastened off through the Southeast Wing, through the Hall of Trees of North America and the Darwin Hall of Evolution, and came at last to the Hall of Fishes. The exhibit of Zane Grey's far-famed catches is at the far end, and the size of those ocean fish—such as a sailfish over ten feet long, and the sunfish whose weight was estimated at two thousand pounds—is nothing short of amazing to anglers who regard a fourteen-inch trout as a catch to be talked about for years. Keeping around to the left, we entered the inner room of Deep Sea Fishes. A continuous hum, as of water in the ears, and a dim lighting, give the feeling of being right down in the depths of the sea, so that a giant ray suspended opposite us sent a sudden shiver through me. In a succeeding room still darker, illuminated wall vitrines gave us an idea of what really goes on near the ocean floor.

Opposite these rooms—so meticulously and artistically done, even to the curtains of fish nets!—is the Hall of Ocean Life, and the coral reef group at the far end immediately arrested our gaze. The upper third of the ex-

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hibit shows a familiar scene in the sub-tropics—green water, palms on a coral reef, puffy clouds in the sky; but the under part, exposing the below-surface, shows you such beauties as you've never dreamed of—the strange and lovely conformation of the coral, its rainbow hues, the brilliant fish darting in and out. This whetted our curiosity about the bathysphere and we hastened to examine the one that Dr. Beebe and Mr. Otis Barton used in their half-mile descent into the depths. It looked frightfully complicated and uncomfortable, but now we could appreciate the compensations. In another case a deep-sea diver's suit and gear is shown. In contrast to these below-the-sea adventurings is the plane *Tingmissartok* which the Lindberghs flew across Bering Strait to China, and later used in their exploration flights over Greenland, Iceland, the North Atlantic, Europe, the South Atlantic and South America. Not only the plane is shown but all the equipment, so that even the most land-bound layman may pore over the cases and learn what articles are necessary for flights in various regions.

Returning to the elevators, we ascended to the fourth floor, for there are many treasures here which we did not want to miss if our time proved too short to cover the whole museum. The Morgan Gem Collection, which includes the series of American gems assembled by Tiffany and Company for the Paris Exposition of 1889 and also the series of foreign gems and gem stones exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, is installed in cases down the center of the Southwest Wing. The specimens are not only thoroughly representative, but include many ex-

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amples that are unique in size, beauty of coloring and perfection of execution, and so reflect the very highest standards of the art of the lapidary. Among the most notable gems in this collection are: the "Star of India", the largest star sapphire in the world, Case III; the engraved emerald, once the head ornament of a Hindu prince, Case IV; the blue topaz cut with 444 facets, Case VI; the Vatican cameo of essonite garnet, showing the head of Christ in profile, Case VIII; the Russian alexandrite gems, and the oriental cat's-eye, one of the finest cat's-eye gems in the world, Case XI; the opal pendant, Case XII; the Kunzite gems, Case XXIII; and the Tonnelier figurine of blue chalcedony, the *Pas de Danse*, one of the loveliest known examples of gem carving. The Mineral Collection which occupies the rest of this hall is without question one of the most complete in the world, ranking with those of the British Museum and the Jardin des Plantes.

Going through the next room (Southwest Pavilion) where are the collections from the Pacific Islands, we came to the Southwest Tower where the famous I. Wyman Drummond collection of carved Chinese jade and amber and Japanese ivory is displayed. The oriental amber seen here is the finest of its kind in the world.

We did not visit the West Wing, with its collections from New Guinea, the Philippines and Malaysia, but retraced our steps to the South Pavilion, which is devoted to early man and his contemporaries—the mammoths and mastodons and the giant ground sloths of South America. The classic "Warren Mastodon", found near Newburgh, N. Y., in 1846, is here, and is the best specimen

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of its kind ever discovered. The fight between the sabre-toothed tiger and ground sloth in the asphalt lake gave us a vivid impression of what life was like when Nature was at her reddest in fang and claw.

In the Osborn Hall of the Age of Mammals we stopped in the Horse Alcove (at the right) to see the collection of fossil horse skeletons, the most complete series in the world, showing the evolution of the horse from the little four-toed dawn horse *Eohippus*. The skeleton of the modern horse, included among the others, gives one an odd feeling of belonging oneself to an extinct age!

Going on to the Hall of Mongolian Vertebrates (South-east Pavilion), we saw the famous dinosaur eggs, and the skulls of *Protoceratops*, probably the creature that laid them. And then to the Hall of Dinosaurs! *Triceratops*, *Tyrannosaurus*, *Brontosaurus* (weight twenty-five to thirty tons!)—their names and the size of their fossilized skeletons were too much for me. "I'm going back to the third floor and look at the monkeys and birds and insects, and all the little things that don't make me feel so terribly new and insignificant!" I announced.

John "pooh-poohed" but followed along, and on the third floor we strolled around the dim corridors of the South Central Hall, where on either side are illuminated wall vitrines showing habitat groups of North American birds; then through the South Pavilion, occupied by exhibits of primates in systematic series, also in groups. Going on to the Southeast Wing, we passed through the great hall where a life-size model of a sulphur-bottom whale, seventy-six feet long and reproduced from meas-

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urements of one actually captured in Newfoundland, did "put me in my place" after all, making me feel just about the size of the insects which we found in the next room. We were on our way to the Hall of Reptile Life (East Wing) to see the habitat groups of American reptiles and amphibians. Two of them I shall always remember: the Cypress Swamp at the far end of the dim corridor, so luxuriant in its vegetation, so teeming with alligators, snakes, lizards, and brilliant-plumaged birds; and, at the other end, the New England Marshland in Spring, with its frogs and pale blossoms—violets and trillium, jack-in-the-pulpits, fern fronds uncurling—restrained New England symbols of a new season and new life.

Our time was drawing short and we decided to ignore the Southwest Wing, where the Hall of the Natural History of Man looked too scientific for me. Instead, we descended the stairs to the second floor, and went into the Allen Hall of North American Mammals; and there the bears, moose and deer, shown naturally in their native environments, revived memories of many a hunting trip. That brought us to the Vernay-Faunthorpe Hall of South Asiatic Mammals, another superlatively fine room like the Akeley African Hall. Mr. Arthur S. Vernay and the late Colonel Faunthorpe made six expeditions into India, Burma and Siam, 1922-28, and the resulting collection, which they donated to the Museum, stands as the finest and most complete exhibit of its sort in existence. All the greater game-mammals of southern Asia, as well as many of the smaller species, are shown in naturalistic settings of carefully selected accessories and painted backgrounds.

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The most arresting, and perhaps the most beautiful of the groups, shows, in a sun-dappled jungle glade, a leopard stretched out on a rock above a little stream, his claws buried in the body of a peacock. His mate is padding down the ravine to join him. The coloring of bird and beasts, and illusion of sunshine and distance produced by the lighting, is amazing.

"We've been all across the five continents, and skipped around through twenty million years. Now it's time for a trip to the moon," I added, consulting my watch.

"Right," John agreed. "What an afternoon! From dinosaurs to the Lindberghs' plane, and now up to the stars!"

We returned to the Planetarium through the second floor corridor; but as there was still a little time before the lecture began we decided to start in from the ground up. So we went down to the foyer, where photomurals on the walls show the quaint constellation figures of the Rabbit, the Big Bear, the Little Bear, the Swan, and other imaginings from Bayer's 16th century work *Uranometria*. Through another door into the circular main corridor we went, and faced a group of three paintings depicting the leading characteristics of American Indian astronomical myths. Having yet a little time before the lecture, John and I wandered about, examining the great meteorites on their stands, and looking with wonder at the illuminated transparencies on the walls—representing an unequalled collection of astronomical photographs. In this ambulatory and in the one above are examples of the late Howard Russell Butler's astronomical paintings—in-

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cluding the three lovely ones of the solar eclipse. I was fascinated by the loan exhibition of compasses, sundials, astrolabes, and hourglasses. "Oh look," I cried, stopping before one of the cases, "here are two perfect replicas of Galileo's telescopes."

A central chamber, round, some forty feet in diameter on this first floor, bears on its ceiling the great Copernican planetarium. We sat down and gazed at it entranced. A large light bulb in the center represents the sun, and around it wheel on their orbits, and at their relative speeds, the earth and the five other planets nearest it. It is an impressive glimpse of the order of the universe—these little globes, following and passing one another with measured, undeviating pace. Even the small satellites whirling around Jupiter in apparent frenzy follow their ordained paths. When we got up to leave, we noticed that the floor beneath our feet was inlaid with an intricate and beautiful design in colored terrazzo. It is an accurate reproduction of the Aztec Calendar Stone. On the blue walls of the room the constellations appear in luminous silver stars, against the zodiacal figures outlined behind them. These are also taken from Bayer's *Uranometria*.

Now we heard a voice calling "Upstairs to the planetarium, please," so we followed the other visitors to the floor above, and went into the domed, circular hall. The light held a kind of silvery colorlessness, against which rose black and sharp the skyline of New York in silhouette around the walls. In the center of the hall is a huge machine—rather like a dumb-bell in shape—and this is the Zeiss projector. "It looks like one of those strange

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Martian contrivances in *The War of the Worlds*," said John. Actually, it is a huge "magic lantern", containing one hundred and twenty stereopticon lanterns. They throw on the dome spots of light which represent the stars. A rod connects the globes at each end of the machine, and on this the instrument pivots, so that the different sets of stereopticons can be thrown on at will.

We settled ourselves in our chairs—their backs are at an angle to make star-gazing comfortable—and watched the light grow dimmer. Softly music began to play. The silhouetted buildings of the city faded from our view. We scarcely noticed the lecturer who had stepped into the speaker's desk. Dusk deepened into night. Then suddenly, the starry heavens blazed above our heads. The immensity of the sky was crowded thick with stars, swimming slowly past our eyes. The unexpected magic of it took our breath away. When we came to, the music had died down, and the lecturer was speaking. For the next forty minutes we stepped outside time and space; the sun rose and stopped at a command, the moon, at our pleasure, scurried across the sky as fast as a stream-lined train, planets rose and set as we willed—in fact, we felt ourselves masters of the universe! It is an exciting experience.

It was a little hard to come down to earth again, and rather in a daze we boarded an Eighth Avenue bus (the subway seemed really too grovelling a means of transport at the moment!) and started homeward.

"What shall we do this evening?" asked John when, refreshed by a rest, we met to discuss our plans.

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"Well, a leisurely dinner, and a movie afterward if we feel like it, appeals to me," I confessed.

"And a sea-food dinner is what I'd like best," said my brother. "There's quite a choice of good places," he went on, referring to our well-thumbed restaurant list. "For instance, there's 'The Lobster' at 156 West 45th Street; and the Oyster Bar at 674 Eighth Avenue. But personally, I'm for Billy the Oysterman, down at 7 East 20th Street. It's one of the oldest and best-known places in town."

John's choice proved a happy one, and we simply gorged ourselves on delicious sea-food. "For the first time in my life, I've actually had all the lobster I can eat," said I at last, sighing with repletion and content.

"Let's cut out the movie," said John. "Bed and a good long sleep seem strongly indicated." To which I heartily agreed.

The Fifth Day

TEN O'CLOCK IN the morning found us entering the Museum of the City of New York, on Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street. The building itself we loved at first sight, Colonial in architecture and not too large, and we anticipated the exhibits which would give us further acquaintance with the early New York of which we had seen traces in our downtown trip.

New Amsterdam and New York from the earliest days to 1800 is the subject of the exhibition in the room at the north end of the first floor. We naturally gravitated to the center of the room where is the large topographical model of New Amsterdam in 1660, made from the famous Castello Plan. The little fort that stood where the Custom House is now, Stuyvesant's official residence *Whitehall*, the old canal where Canal Street is today, the wall that marked the course of the future Wall Street, the quaint Dutch houses with their kitchen gardens, flowerbeds and picket fences—all are modelled on a toy scale. It had all the enchantment of a puzzle, for with the accompanying Key we could identify each separate historic landmark, then see them all as a whole. "I wish we could have seen this before we took our day downtown," said John. "But, on the other hand, we

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wouldn't enjoy this model so much if we hadn't already been down on all those winding streets."

"Yes," I agreed. "One thing is sure though—anybody who is interested in the early history of New York should not miss seeing it at one time or another."

We were drawn next to the models of historic events set in the walls. They are exquisitely done—the little figures life-like and spirited, and the minute details of the costumes and accessories perfect. The lighting is skillful too, and the whole effect is that of looking at a scene in a play. Starting from the left, one sees the original inhabitants of Manhattan—the Indians in one of their favorite camping grounds on the shore of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, where natural rock shelters, a good spring, and rich oyster beds brought them back year after year. In a case near by are Indian relics found in that region, which is now called Inwood Park.

In the next group we saw Peter Minuit bargaining with the Indian chieftains for the purchase of Manhattan. Then we moved along to look at Stone Street being paved, a process scarcely interrupted by the traffic in the old Dutch days—an ox-cart, a canvas-covered wagon with solid wooden wheels, a milkmaid carrying her buckets on a heavy yoke. The story goes that Stone Street was the first to be paved and it was done only after some unusually strong-minded housewife had harried the Council with her complaints about dust.

Then comes the scene in the Governor's room in the Fort in 1664, when the English demand the surrender of New Amsterdam. "Old Pegleg" Stuyvesant is making a

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fiery speech of defiance while the Duke of York's officers stand about in haughty aloofness. But the town's defenses were poor and there was a shortage of food, so it wasn't long before the doughty Petrus Stuyvesant had to submit to the demands of the English. His town house *Whitehall* was taken over by the conquerors of course, but Stuyvesant had loved his colony, and after his trip to Holland to explain his conduct to the officials of the Dutch West India Company, he returned to New York (as the English had re-named the town) to spend the rest of his days in his "Great Bouwerie"—the site of which we had visited when we went to St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie.

Besides all these realistic groups, the walls are hung with pictures of old New York, and in the many cases are documents relating to the early town.

After these things which gave us such a good general idea of old New York, we enjoyed all the more the specialized collections. At the south end of the first floor is the exhibit concerning fires and fire fighting in New York. "That looks more like a pageant than a fire," John laughed as we inspected the hose carriage of 1855, with its ornate lamps surmounted by eagles, its metalwork all gracefully curlycued, its proud motto "Always Ready". It was a handsome thing, with high wheels and a reel of fine riveted leather hose, but we could not imagine its being very efficient, particularly when we realized that it was a man-drawn, not horse-drawn, apparatus. There are models, too, of the fire engines of various periods, and of the first steam fire engine which was put into service about 1905. But more exciting are the pictures of the his-



Photo by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

Fifth Day. Central Park and Upper Fifth Avenue.

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toric fires—of the 1835 fire that raged all around Hanover Square, of the one ten years later which destroyed three hundred buildings in the same district, of the spectacular Crystal Palace fire in 1858 when that supposedly fireproof building collapsed like a tinder box within fifteen minutes after the flames were discovered, of the burning of P. T. Barnum's Museum in 1865.

In the next room is the tally-ho coach that was built in London for Colonel de Lancey Kane, and it seemed to us that the maximum of speed in the finest motor of today could never be so thrilling as a ride in one of those high seats of a tally-ho. But we had to confess that for everyday conveyance we'd prefer the modern busses to the old horse car which is exhibited here—even though it does have an interior border of painted flowers and fruits instead of advertising placards!

The models in this room jump from the construction of the Empire State Building to a blacksmith and carriage shop of 1870—a thriving business in the days of horse cars. There is one of Central Park in 1865, with sleighing and skating parties, which looked quite contemporary except for the complete lack of skyscrapers such as now line the Park on three sides. The Bowling Green in 1831 is especially good, although the only resemblance we could see between the Bowling Green of today, shabby and bench-lined, and the beautiful Green of a century ago, luxuriant with shrubs, is that it is still oval. And again how quaint seemed the street traffic—buggies, spring-water carts, pedal-less bicycles, a horse-drawn omnibus. The Erie Canal Celebration is the subject of an-

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other group, and the last shows the Inauguration of Washington on the balcony of Federal Hall. One could pleasurably spend hours studying the pictures of early hotels, taverns, recreation gardens, churches, and street scenes that line the walls of this room.

We went on to the second floor, however, where in the foyer at the head of the stairs is a beautiful collection of early hand-wrought silver. At the north end of the long corridor there is always an exhibition of period gowns, with accessory slippers, fans, hair ornaments, etc., while in the room adjoining are more costume exhibits in carefully arranged settings of the period. These exhibitions are changed every few months and are followed closely by designers. John naturally was not enthusiastic and hurried me back to the Alexander Hamilton Gallery where there are portraits and miniatures of Hamilton and Elizabeth Schuyler, comely even in her nineties, a bust by Ceracchi, and sundry mementoes of that life so tragically cut short by the duel at Weehawken. Washington memorabilia also are found in this gallery.

The little Theatrical Gallery has on display only a fraction of the playbills, costumes and manuscripts which make up one of the largest and best collections extant. Different exhibitions are arranged from time to time.

We went on to the Marine Museum at the south end of the second floor, and here John's enthusiasm returned full force. He made straight for the inner rooms and there he found scale models of the *Half Moon* and of the *Onrust*, the first boat built in New York; of a Dutch *kaag* of about 1750; of ice boats that used to skim up the

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Hudson; of the frigate *Constitution*; of a whaling bark of the New Bedford fleet. Then there were some grand figureheads, including the Andrew Jackson figurehead from the *Constitution*. And one of the most striking wall groups in the whole museum is here, that of South Street in the middle of the last century. Now we could visualize this waterfront street as the "forest of bowsprits" we had heard about down at the Seamen's Institute, through which threaded the heavy drays and truck wagons piled with goods from every port in the world.

Back in the outer room were pictures of the floating churches from which grew the Seamen's Institute, and still more models: the *Cutty Sark*, last of the clippers ever built for the China tea trade; the tank steamer of today, the type of vessel which comprises a large part of the tonnage now entering New York; the historic *Clermont*, owned by Robert Fulton and Robert Livingston, which made its first trip in 1807.

On the third floor we visited the communications and trade exhibits in the galleries at the north end. The history of retail trade in New York is presented, in the Woolworth Gallery, by models, prints showing the interiors and exteriors of early stores, old bills, trade cards and signs, catalogues, and so on. A series of five maps in the center case shows the northward march of the retail establishments. The model of the Weigh House Pier, which in the 1660's served as the Custom House, is most interesting: an Indian has brought in packs of beaver skins to barter, the Weight Master stands near the official scales, a clerk is busy at his ledgers in the little house,

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and the dock is loaded with the cargo which the sailing vessel tied up to the wharf has just brought in. "But this gives me such a funny feeling," I said to John as we paused at the model of the Woolworth store on Christmas Eve, 1934. "It makes me feel like ancient history already! Do you really suppose this will look as quaint to future generations as those cigar-store Indians, for instance, look to us?"

In the next gallery the history and progress of communication in New York is unfolded by early pictures and advertisements, and by an elaborate series of models. In the first, Governor Lovelace is presenting a heavily sealed letter to the post rider who is to take it to Boston, thus inaugurating the postal service between the two colonies. Next is a model of the old signal station on Telegraph Hill, Staten Island, where information concerning incoming ships was received from Sandy Hook and from here relayed to the Merchants Exchange in the city. Others show Samuel Morse laying the first submarine cable from Castle Garden to Governor's Island; the first stock ticker; Alexander Bell's first demonstration of the telephone in a room of the old St. Denis Hotel—this, incidentally, is a very telling reproduction of the red plush hotel "parlor" of the 1870's; the wreckage of telephone and telegraph wires wrought by the blizzard of 1888; and the beginnings of radio when Marconi flashed a description of the International Cup race from the pilot house of the steamship *Ponce* in 1899.

We went next to the south end of the third floor, to the Military Museum, and while John pored over the

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collection of firearms, uniforms and equipment, I took pleasure in the pictures. There were several most interesting ones on the far wall. In the outer room we were both thoroughly charmed with the exhibit of Staffordshire china decorated with New York views, and the prints from which they were derived. The Battery and Harbor, Castle Garden, the City Hall and Park appeared to be the favorite subjects, although even here the fire of 1835 was not omitted and there was at least one plate bearing a scene from it—a plate that ought to make the duller meal interesting!

The long corridor is lined with fine old pieces of furniture and portraits of early New Yorkers (when I saw the one of Mrs. Archibald Gracie in her lacy ruff and cap I felt like telling her how lovely I had thought her home over on the East River). Just beside her a doorway opens into a New York drawing-room of the early 19th century and a dignified yet inviting room it is, with Duncan Phyfe furniture, gracefully molded woodwork from an old house on Greenwich Street, and a crystal chandelier that is a thing of beauty.

A glance at my watch told us it was getting on toward noon, and we hastened out to Fifth Avenue to catch a bus down to 70th Street, for we had arranged to take the twelve o'clock tour at the Frick Museum.

"Two museums in one morning sounds a bit strenuous," John remarked as we rode southward. "Still, I think we've chosen a most appropriate time to visit the Frick Mansion. We've just followed New York through from its trading-post days to the prosperous but simple 1800's,

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and now we'll see it flowering into the magnificence of the early 20th century."

The late Henry Clay Frick was a typically American figure—a poor boy who by his own industry and ability rose to power and a great fortune. Unlike many of his prototypes, however, Mr. Frick, besides being a great business man, was a real connoisseur of art; and his collection is the expression of a personal taste and appreciation.

At No. 1 East 70th Street we were given our tickets of admission (for which we had made application by telephone), and passed through the entrance into the central court. A fountain plays in the middle of a marble pool, with ferns and shrubs planted around it, and light floods it through a roof of glass. From the moment we stepped inside we felt that this was what a museum should be: not large, not crowded, but each rare thing in the place designed for it. Extensive alterations were necessary in order to convert the main floor of the mansion into a museum, but these were so skillfully made under the direction of Dr. Frederick Mortimer Clapp, head of the Department of Fine Arts of the University of Pittsburgh, that the visitor has all the feeling of being admitted to a beautiful home.

We passed into a circular lecture room. The walls are hung with flesh-colored velvet, embroidered, and changing in tone when seen from varying angles. There is concealed motion picture machinery in this room, and on the movable stage is a seven-panelled screen—its decoration attributed to Nicholas Lancret.

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Next in order come the East Gallery and the Oval Room—both new constructions. The specially designed materials covering the walls make soft and harmonious backgrounds for the pictures. From the east wall of the East Gallery the Contesse d'Haussonville, by Ingres, in her blue dress, presides over the room. The lovely little "Lady with a Bird Organ" by Chardin is here, with Millet's "Woman Sewing", "Calais Harbor" by Turner, and "The Rehearsal" by Degas, who painted ballet dancers so superbly.

In the Oval Room four life-size portraits by Whistler hang with Velasquez's big canvas of Philip IV of Spain—and they form a distinguished company.

The Oval Room leads directly into the main gallery of the collection, the long wing of the house stretching along 71st Street to Fifth Avenue. The walls are hung with green velvet. At intervals along them are chairs, sofas, and an occasional carved chest. Down the middle of the room, standing on Persian carpets, are three great 16th century Italian tables, each with a group of Italian Renaissance bronzes on it. More chairs and sofas here preserve the feeling of a place to be lived in and enjoyed. The light comes from a skylight and falls on the forty paintings on the walls. Here are Rembrandt's far-famed portrait of himself as an old man and his romantic and elusive "Polish Rider". Between the portraits of the soberly-clad Frans Snyders and his wife Margareta, by Van Dyck, hangs one of his suave and opulent family groups—this time "James, 7th Earl of Derby, His Lady and Child". I was enchanted by the Vermeers in this

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gallery: the "Girl Interrupted at Her Music" where sunshine and reflected light are subtly blended; "Officer and Laughing Girl" where light again is the theme, running the gamut from full to shadowed; and the charming "Mistress and Maid Servant", where the soft clear yellow of the Mistress's jacket is like sunlight itself. "The Forge" by Goya is here, and Veronese's "Wisdom and Strength", Frans Hals' "Portrait of a Woman", a landscape by Hobbema, and other notable works. Among them is El Greco's portrait of "Vincentio Anastagi". El Greco is most interestingly represented in this collection. Besides the portrait just mentioned, there is his "Expulsion from the Temple" in the East Gallery, and the "St. Jerome" in the living room. The first two were painted during his Italian period; but his St. Jerome as a Cardinal in color and form expresses all the intensity and grandeur of his zenith.

At the Fifth Avenue end of this gallery is a small, oak-panelled room, once used by Mr. Frick as his office. Now it glows with such color as recalls the Ste. Chapelle, for here are more than forty radiant examples of the 16th century masters of Limoges enamels. A few primitives hang on the walls, such as a small panel by Duccio, and a Bellini portrait of the Doge Andrea Vendramin—oddly modish he looks in this present year, when his Doge's cap has become a fashionable headgear once more!

We passed next through the north hall where Turner's painting of "Dieppe Harbor" hangs on the pink marble walls, and found ourselves in the library. This faces Fifth Avenue across a terrace and a lawn, and it is unchanged since Mr. Frick's lifetime. It is a gracious room, with fine

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English furniture, and English paintings on the walls. Mr. Frick's desk is at one end and on cabinets and tables stand beautiful black hawthorn vases. A warm note of color is struck for the room in the red gown of "Miss Mary Edwards" in Hogarth's portrait over the fireplace. The side chairs flanking the hearth are captivating, with the curious paintings on glass set in their backs. All the paintings here are English. There are among them portraits by Reynolds of Lady Taylor and Lady Skipwith, "Salisbury Cathedral" by Constable, and "Julia, Lady Peel" as Lawrence painted her, in a wide hat with a sweeping bird-of-paradise—it is said that Rubens' "Chapeau de Paille" was Lawrence's inspiration for this. On the bookcases are several Renaissance bronzes, and two portrait busts by Girardon of Marie Thérèse, wife of Louis XIV, and her son Louis, the Grand Dauphin, grandfather of Louis XV.

From the library we went on to the living room, where a Persian rug covers the floor and more Chinese porcelains and Renaissance bronzes are scattered about. Of the latter, Vellano's "Neptune" is to the left of the fireplace, and Gian Bologna's "Venus" stands in the center of the room. El Greco's great Jerome, already referred to, hangs above the fireplace, and on either side of him is a Holbein portrait—"Sir Thomas Cromwell" and "Sir Thomas More" respectively. Across from them on the south wall is the masterly "St. Francis in Ecstasy" of Giovanni Bellini. Also on the south wall are Titian's portrait of Pietro Aretino and the "Man in a Red Cap" now attributed to him.

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The room into which we next stepped is all light and gayety. The walls are decorated with panels by Fragonard, where 18th century nymphs and swains pursue one another through rose-grown gardens, or make love under the trees. Four of these panels—the large ones on the east and south walls—were painted for Mme. du Barry, but for some undiscovered reason were not accepted. When Fragonard fled to the south of France during the Revolution, he took these pictures with him. On the mantel in this room is a lovely bust of Mme. du Cayla, by Houdon.

Through a vestibule with landscapes by Corot on the marble walls, we entered the dining room, which occupies the southwest corner of the house. The walls are occupied by a group of English great ladies—Van Dyck's "Countess of Clanbrassil", "The Honorable Frances Duncombe" and "Mrs. Baker" by Gainsborough, Romney's "Lady Warwick and Her Children", and "The Ladies Sarah and Catherine Bligh" by Hoppner. Also in this room is Gainsborough's interesting "The Mall in St. James's Park".

In a small adjoining room, which was once a pantry, a series of panels by Boucher depict most engagingly children playing at adult avocations: "Architecture and Chemistry", "Astronomy and Hydraulics", "Painting and Sculpture", and so forth. These were painted for Mme. de Pompadour's Château at Crécy. Another set of panels for the same lady shows the four seasons.

From this room we stepped through another marble vestibule into the south hall, with its staircase leading to the floors above. Paintings by Corot, Turner, and Romney are on the walls.

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And now the visit is over, and our way leads us relentlessly out into the street. When we came out I told John that the only place which would not be too much out of key for me to lunch in was The Waldorf-Astoria. He heartily agreed, so we strolled over to Park Avenue, and down to 50th Street. It was a sparkling day, with crisp air and blue sky, and we thoroughly enjoyed our walk down this street so astir with life.

We had a delicious luncheon in the Lounge Café, sitting on a bench against the shell-panelled wall hung with impossible bunches of fat red grapes, and over our heads the blue mirror-ceiling. After luncheon we set out to see the rest of the hotel—and a most interesting tour it was. We found great beauty in the ballroom and its subsidiary suites—the Astor Gallery, the Jade and Basildon Rooms, and the large foyers. The unique decorations of the smaller suites for entertaining greatly pleased us, and we appreciated the fine taste in the decoration and furnishings of the residential ones. A peep at the kitchens and into the telephone room made us realize how complex is the administration of a big hotel.

We sat down in Peacock Alley for a rest and a cigarette, and planned the rest of our afternoon. My brother consulted a newspaper, and finding that several of the big liners were in port, said he'd like to go over one. I had other ideas, however. Flying glimpses of the shops and art galleries on Madison and Fifth Avenues and 57th Street had inspired me with a lively desire to investigate them further. So we went our different ways, arranging to meet for cocktails in the Ritz Bar.

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From 42nd to 59th Street, Madison Avenue is lined with attractive shops. Hotels—the Ritz, the Weylin, the Madison—interrupt them here and there; and from 50th to 51st Street St. Patrick's Cathedral with its attendant Chancellery, and the Cardinal's residence, occupy one side of the Avenue. Across the way three great brownstone houses flank a courtyard. The one to the east was the residence of Whitelaw Reid, owner of the *New York Tribune* and one-time Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

At 57th Street I turned east to Park Avenue, and then back to Fifth, wandering for the next hour in and out of the art galleries on 57th Street. In the blocks between Fifth and Park Avenues there is meat for every artistic taste. Examples of the masters of painting, ancient and modern, American and European, can be found in these softly-lighted showrooms. Knoedler, Durand-Ruel, Ferargil, Keppel, Levy, Macbeth, Marie Harriman, Sterner, Valentine, are some of the well-known names over the doors. At the corner of Madison Avenue is the building occupied by the American Art Association and Anderson Galleries, where the auction sales of renowned collections have made history. Not all the art galleries are on 57th Street, of course; Madison and Fifth Avenues have a goodly share as well—Duveens', Montross, Rehn, An American Place, the Grand Central Art Galleries, among them. At 11 West 53rd Street is the Museum of Modern Art, where in addition to permanent collections—such as the Lizzie Bliss collection of paintings, and the pictures

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given by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—there are frequent loan exhibitions of great interest.

Crossing Fifth Avenue on 57th Street and walking westward, I found myself in New York's rue de la Paix. The smart and expensive dress and milliner shops line it on both sides. With difficulty I restrained myself from rushing in to try on some particularly alluring frock or hat, but a glance at my watch warned me that I had no time for such important enterprises if I was to meet John at the Ritz at the appointed hour. So I retraced my steps, and set off briskly down Fifth Avenue. The shops here are larger editions of the Madison Avenue ones, and as varied in character. Besides the department stores, jewelers, silversmiths, art dealers, shoe shops—to mention only a few—some famous bookstores are between 59th and 42nd Streets. I promised myself a future visit to them, not only to purchase current books, but to browse over first editions and beautiful bindings in their rare book rooms.

When I entered the Ritz Bar on Madison Avenue between 46th and 47th Streets, I found my brother already there, and over our cocktails and cigarettes we exchanged stories of our afternoon's experiences. His tour of the big ocean liner had proved most interesting. He had learned beforehand that some of the companies admit visitors on the payment of a nominal sum on the pier. (This money goes to a charitable fund for the benefit of the widows and children of their employees.) To visit the ships of other lines, a pass may be obtained from any of the

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many travel agencies in town. He therefore had no trouble in getting aboard the ship of his choice, and was much thrilled by the wonders of the engine rooms (John has a mechanical mind!), the bridge, and all the intricate apparatus essential to the equipment of a great steamer. He gave me descriptions of the great public rooms and their decoration, the Royal Suite, and the staterooms for lesser mortals. He had tramped around the miles of decks in addition to all this—so he was quite ready to sit and take his ease at the end of the afternoon.

"I drove past Madison Square Garden on my way across 49th Street to the pier," he added. "I'd forgotten about the hockey games held there every Tuesday and Thursday during the season, or I should have tried to take one in. We might have dined first at Jack Dempsey's Restaurant right across the street. However, we can't do everything! The Garden is an active spot from Autumn to Spring," he went on, "what with the Horse Show, the Dog Show, hockey, boxing, prize fights, six-day bicycle races, and lots of other sporting events—not to mention the arrival of the Circus every April."

Since the opera season was on at the Metropolitan, we had taken seats for this evening; and dressed in our best—for we felt that occasion demanded no less—we set out. "I suggest that we dine at the Marguery—it's not far, on the corner of Park Avenue and 48th Street—and the food is delicious. I'm told we mustn't miss their hot hors d'œuvres." So we went to this quiet and charming restaurant, early enough to arrive at the opera in good time, for John and I didn't want to miss a trick!

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There is something pleasing in the old-fashioned stateliness of the Metropolitan Opera House. It had recently been redecorated, we knew—had its face lifted, as someone flippantly described it—but the mellow gold and red of its interior, the staircase in the grand manner, and the yellow brocade curtains which have opened to reveal Caruso, Farrar, Mary Garden, Scotti, and a host of other stars, all evoke the glamorous past. If the ladies in the boxes were not quite so imposing or so bejewelled as those of a bygone day, they still decorated the boxes very satisfyingly. And when the curtains parted and the opera began, we gave ourselves up to keen enjoyment.

The Sixth Day

"YOU KNOW," SAID I on the morning of our sixth day in New York, "we haven't exhausted Rockefeller Center, and I think it's time we went back for another look."

"By all means," John agreed. "Personally, I want to spend the whole morning in the Museum of Science and Industry." Privately, I decided that if the Museum proved too scientific for my comprehension, I would quietly slip out and visit some of the alluring shops which had already caught my eye.

The Museum did sound exciting, however, and I remembered the account in the newspapers of its opening, when a candle, lit by Sir William Bragg on Michael Faraday's desk in London, had set every light aglow in its rooms over here. The Forum of the RCA Building is the third home the museum has had. A good many years ago Henry Robinson Towne began agitating for a museum where the populace might educate themselves in the ways of science and industry, and in his will he left two and a half million dollars toward the establishment of such a place. Opening in 1927 as the Museum of the Peaceful Arts, it rapidly outgrew its first two homes, gained the attention of moneyed men and the support of

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the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations, and at last its exhibits are installed in a worthy setting.

"It's certainly appropriate that such a museum should be in Rockefeller Center, which itself represents a tremendous achievement of science," John commented as we went through the vast lobby of the RCA Building to secure our tickets of admission.

At the entrance we stood looking down into the rotunda of the lower level where a replica of the *Rocket*, the high-funnelled, wooden-wheeled locomotive built in England in 1829, occupies the place of honor in the center. Around the rim of the circular wall the names of twenty-four scientists are lettered in gold, and beneath them is a formidable array of levers, pulleys, inclined planes, ratchets, hydraulic devices and gears which visitors were setting into motion by the push of a button. A branched staircase led to the balcony. "Let's start up there," I suggested. "I see 'Transportation' over there to the right, and I think perhaps I can understand that sort of thing better."

"All right," John laughed. "But really, you know, this museum is here for just such people as you. I'll bet you haven't the faintest idea of what goes on inside the telephone that you use so nonchalantly, or what produces the electric current that makes your life easier than your grandmother's in hundreds of ways. That's why these exhibits are here, so that you can learn by observation the underlying principles and the workings of the mechanisms of modern living—so you don't need to wander

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through the world like a complete stranger, like the 'Man from Mars'!"

"Yes," I replied meekly, but nevertheless headed straight for the south balcony. There the marine transportation exhibit begins with an Egyptian craft of five thousand years ago, operated by oars and a clumsy sail, and then traces its evolution through the Phoenician galleys and Greek triremes to the sailing ships of Columbus and Hudson, the clipper ships that brought wealth to the Atlantic seaboard, the New York to Liverpool packet *Montezuma* that was the first vessel in the transatlantic run to have an arrival as well as a departure schedule, the *Savannah*, first steamship to cross the Atlantic, and so on, to the *Bremen* and *Normandie*.

In the aisle beyond is the land transportation sequence, starting with a model of that greatest example of road building, the construction of the Appian Way, while farther along is a display of the materials used in our highways now, together with charts and maps illustrating the growth of our road network. Types of vehicles used in this country are presented by models of the Conestoga wagon of the pioneers, the Concord coach, the buggy and chaise, and then the automobile—and here not models but actual cars are shown, beginning with a Duryea of 1898 and ending with the 1933 Chrysler.

At the end of this gallery was something that I could really appreciate: the chart that shows the relative speeds of transportation—the man walking, the horse-drawn buggy, the ship, the train, the airplane. It gives the relative positions of the five at fifteen-minute intervals, and



Photo by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

Sixth Day. Riverside Drive, with Grant's Tomb and the Riverside Church.

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at the end of the hour the plane has reached Albany while the pedestrian is still on Manhattan, only three or four miles from the place where they all started. Like a child with a new toy, I had to press the button over and over again, and at last I realized what a boon a museum of this sort will be to members of the generation that is in its childhood now. They can come here and push the buttons and watch what happens until they really understand the mechanisms—and it was interesting to note, as we made the rounds of the museum, that the children were not wasting their time with such simple devices as the one that had fascinated me, but were intent on the airplane de-icer, the radio direction compass, the airplane controls, and that sort of thing.

We went next through the west hall where John stopped to study the lathes, while I went on to the lighting exhibit that begins with a chalk lamp found in a Neolithic flint mine in England, develops through torches, candles, whale oil and kerosene lamps, etc., to the most recent electric bulbs. Then we came to the telephone and telegraph section, where we spent the next few minutes ringing each other up on the telephone, watching what happens when one dials a number. There is an exhaustive exhibit here of the evolution of the mouthpiece and receiver, but by now I had entered into the spirit of the place and must proceed at once to the teletype, push the button and see how it worked, and then to the telautograph to write a message myself—I can't say I understood the mechanism, but after handling that pencil I did know why telautograph messages are always such terri-

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ble scrawls! Next to the radio direction compass, which we manoeuvred ourselves, and then to the submarine signal finder.

By now we had reached the north side of the balcony where is the long railroad transportation exhibit. Here again is the *Rocket*, in miniature, and models of engines, passenger cars and freight cars, from the first steam train that chugged along the Park Avenue tracks of the New York and Harlem Railroad (resembling a horse car far more than anything we recognize as a steam train), to the stream-lined, transcontinental flyer of today. Here were more buttons and levers to be pressed, but my eye was already wandering to the food industries section and we soon made our way over there.

Near the entrance to that section is a display illustrating the new ideas about soil-heating. Underground cables and thermostats by which a person may control the temperature of the ground in which his vegetables are growing mark a tremendous advance for the farmer who always, from the dawn of time to this present generation, has been completely at the mercy of fickle weather. At the far wall of this room the evolution of plowing, from the crooked stick to the modern tractor, is shown. Wax figures of women milling flour with the ancient quern are surrounded by admirable cross-section models of a modern flour mill, sugar refinery, refrigeration plant, etc. A particularly interesting display is that of our common vegetables, together with their prototypes in 12th century England. One understands how the English became such a nation of meat-eaters, with only puny little leeks, peas,

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beans and beets to choose from! Going on to the textile industries, at the opposite end of the north balcony, the advance in methods is made vivid by placing figures of women with distaff and spinning wheel and crude hand looms side by side with the most modern textile machinery.

John was getting anxious to see the air transportation exhibit, so we went downstairs to the room that opens from the south side of the rotunda. Through swarms of small boys we glimpsed the "pilot trainer". Anybody who wants to may climb into the cockpit and learn how it feels to handle the controls—and needless to say, it is always full of make-believe pilots who are delightedly banking the plane left and right, nosing it up and down, doing everything except actually lifting it off the floor into flight. John himself was getting that far-away look in his eyes, and when I announced that I was about to leave him he muttered a very absent-minded "All right". I knew that he would spend the remainder of the morning blissfully setting into motion all sorts of mechanisms of which I don't even know the names, inspecting the cross-section models of the New York Edison Company, visiting the special exhibits of the General Electric, Bell Telephone, B. F. Goodrich, and Eastman Kodak Companies.

So, leaving him, I went back to the main lobby and wandered through the many fascinating shops in this and the other buildings. There were several temporary exhibitions of various kinds and I strolled in to some of them as well, thinking that a week could be spent in Rockefeller Center itself without exhausting its resources.

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We met at the Sixth Avenue entrance of the RCA Building at half-past twelve. "Where shall we lunch?" I asked. "There are several little foreign restaurants I'd like to try—A la Pomme Soufflée, for instance, at 157 East 55th Street, where I'm told you get most excellent French food. And the same is true, they say, of A la Fourchette at 342 West 46th Street. Then there's that gaily decorated little Hapsburg House, you know, at 313 East 55th Street, with a fine Viennese cuisine and good wines."

"I'm afraid they are all a little out of the way for us today," John reminded me. "We'd better choose a place nearer the Broadway subway."

So we betook ourselves to Sardi's in West 44th Street for an early luncheon. This is the same Sardi whose restaurant is so popular in Hollywood. We recognized several originals of the photographs lining the walls, for it is a favorite lunching place of the theatrical profession. We enjoyed the good Italian food, and as we ate we discussed plans for the afternoon. Should we take the I. R. T. west side subway to 207th Street and visit the Dyckman House, at Broadway and 204th Street, the last Dutch farmhouse remaining on Manhattan and furnished with rare antiques, and then walk over to Inwood Park which, we had heard, was an unbelievably quiet and woodsy corner of Manhattan? The caves and rock shelters and the site of the Indian village of Shora-kap-kok are there; the steep hill to the west was fortified as Cock Hill Fort during the Revolution, and all over these hills and ravines the British and Hessians were

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encamped; the giant tulip tree, the oldest living thing on Manhattan, stands adjacent to the bubbling spring and the placid little Spuyten Duyvil Creek. Or should we get off the I. R. T. west side subway at 157th Street and Broadway and visit the Museum of the American Indian and the Hispanic Museum?

We decided upon the latter, and when we emerged from the subway station and walked a block south we were surprised and quite impressed by the handsome group of museums that confronted us. All this land used to be included in the Audubon estate (a tract of some thirty acres that ran from 155th to 158th Street, Amsterdam Avenue to the River) and it is now known as Audubon Park. After the great naturalist's death his estate was broken up, and Archer M. Huntington purchased this plot between 155th and 156th Streets and gave sections of it to the various museums on the condition that buildings homogeneous in architecture, size, and so on, be erected. The first to be built was the Hispanic Museum, in memory of Archer Huntington's father, Collis P. Huntington, who built the Southern Pacific Railroad and through his long residence in southern California became interested in Spanish art.

We strolled down the terraced plaza to identify the different buildings before entering any of them. The first on the north side is the home of the American Geographical Society, and it contains a permanent exhibit of priceless maps and globes, changing exhibitions of current interest, and an extensive library of geographical literature. Opposite is the Museum of the American Indian,

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Heye Foundation. Next on the south comes the Hispanic Museum, and across the plaza its Annex with a spirited equestrian statue of *El Cid* before it; then the American Numismatic Society building where many noted coin collections are on view, and opposite, on the north, the rear of the Spanish Church of Our Lady of Esperanza; last, at the top of a short flight of steps, the American Academy of Arts and Letters—the south building houses the museum, while the north building is given over to changing exhibitions.

We had noticed that the closing hour at the Hispanic Museum was earlier than at the Indian, so we made that our first port of call. As soon as we entered we felt the distinctive atmosphere of this museum. The central room is a place of great dignity and beauty, Spanish Renaissance in style, with ornate terra cotta arches separating the main room from the arcade that runs all around it. The room rises high to the skylighted roof, and narrow galleries encircle it at the second floor level. Treasures from old Spain fill this room. Exhibition cases alternate with massive and handsomely wrought chests of the 17th century, and through the terra cotta arches one glimpses tapestries, panels from ancient retables, and sculptures from mediaeval tombs. The exhibition cases on the north side are filled with old ironwork. To one who had always thought of the Colonial strap-hinges and Cape Cod knockers and foot-scrapers as "ironwork", these keys, knockers, decorative nails and locks and hasps that have the sheen and fine workmanship of armor were a revelation. On the opposite side are 16th and 17th century rugs and carpets

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and gorgeous processional banners. Here and there are globes, some representing the terrestrial sphere (with 15th and 16th century inaccuracies) while others confidently map out the celestial sphere in great detail. "I wish those old cartographers could step inside the Planetarium for just a minute!" I whispered to John.

Our progress around the arcade was slow, for here treasure is piled upon treasure. Such things as an Hispano-Moresque box from the 10th century, its entire surface most intricately carved, a 16th century jet statuette of St. James the Great, choice little ivory statuettes and groups, 14th and 15th century paintings, ancient tapestries and fabrics, cannot be passed by casually. But we arrived at last at the east end where is the alabaster tomb of the Duchess of Albuquerque, sculptured with all the delicate skill of the 16th century. I never would have believed that alabaster could look as soft and fine as old lace, but such was the appearance of the fragile pillows beneath the Duchess' head.

From the court we had gazed up at the paintings that line the gallery at the second floor, and now we went up for a closer view. There are many surprises here for art lovers. At the east end is a group of El Grecos of which many New Yorkers are quite unaware—a "St. Jerome", a "St. Dominic", a head of "St. Francis", the "Holy Family", and others too. In the same tradition is Preboste's "Virgin with Crystal Dish", and the "Jesus in the House of Simon" attributed to J. M. Theotocopuli. The central painting in this end of the gallery is Ribera's "Ecstasy of St. Mary Magdalene", and at its right hangs

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his "St. Paul" in glowing red cloak. Beyond is a group of Morales canvases, and paintings in the School of Murillo.

The outer side of the gallery is banked with cases in the top sections of which are displayed rare books, beginning with a collection of one of the earliest printers in Spain; in the lower sections are illuminated missals. Here at the east end, beneath the "Ecstasy of St. Mary Magdalene" is a case containing early editions of *Don Quixote*—from the first through the fifth edition.

Velasquez's "Count-Duke of Olivares" presides over the west end of the gallery, and of matching size and distinction is Goya's "Duchess of Alba" at the left, and his "Marquis of Bondad Real" on the next wall. This part of the gallery is rich in works of Velasquez and Goya, and on the long side walls hang paintings by Zurbarán, Pareja, Moro, and many other Spanish artists less well known in America.

Cabinets line the long walls too, and in those on the north side are many relics from the Roman occupation—glass, pottery, rings, coins, bronzes; also pre-Roman bronzes and votive offerings; carved ivory combs brought to Spain by Phoenician traders; Punic lamps; Spanish glass and porcelains of the 16th to 18th century; Mexican majolica tiles, vases, plates, bowls, some showing Spanish influence in their decoration, others showing Chinese influence. The cabinets along the south wall contain Spanish majolica, and a most remarkable collection of Hispano-Moresque pottery.

At the front of the second floor are two exhibition

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rooms where water-colors, pastels, and small oils are shown in unique fashion—instead of hanging in frames, they are inserted behind glass in the doors that line the rooms, and the same earth-red mat for all gives the varying sizes, media, and subjects a coherence that could not have been achieved by usual methods. Then at the east end of this floor are the North and South Galleries. Sorolla portraits fill the North Gallery, and there are more too in the South Gallery, sharing the walls with portraits by Mezquita and Zuloaga. The latter's painting of Lucrezia Bori as a true señorita, in blue-green changeable taffeta gown and red satin slippers, hangs on the far wall, and at the opposite end is his haunting "Victim of the Fiesta". Just to the left of this is the artist's self-portrait.

We had saved till the last the famous Sorolla Room, and now descended the staircase where the walls are tiled with Hispano-Moresque tiles and Roman mosaics from ancient pavements in southern Spain. The Sorolla Room is at the west end of the first floor, and there we stepped into a world of sunshine and color and rhythm. The fourteen large wall paintings—which were Sorolla's last work, for he was stricken with paralysis shortly after completing them and died three years later—are an extraordinarily vigorous and colorful expression of the life of the people of Spain. In "Valencia" the orange fête is being celebrated; in "Andalusia" a herd of bulls is crossing the wide plains; in "Castilla" a crowd of peasants have halted their normal activities to watch the pilgrimage of St. Isidore the Laborer; in "Elche" sunlight filters

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through the tall date palms upon the women below who are sorting the green and golden fruit into wicker baskets; in "Ayamonte" a fish wharf is packed with the huge iridescent tunnies; and so on, through eleven provinces. "Sevilla" is represented in three panels: the dance; Holy Week, when the Penitents, black-hooded and barefooted, file down the narrow streets; and the bullfighters, saluting the crowded stands from the arena. It is such a vivid panorama that when we came out into the open, our glamorous New York looked somewhat pale and drab.

We darted inside again quickly, into the Museum of the American Indian. There could be no greater contrast than between these two museums—the one devoted to the urbane arts of an ancient culture, the other dealing with a race whose chief energies had to be directed toward the procurement of the bare necessities of living, and whose arts, except in isolated instances, remained secondary and primitive.

The model of the Indian village on the Spuyten Duyvil was directly ahead of us as we entered the first exhibition room devoted to the Ethnology of the United States and Canada. This is a very natural and complete little presentation of the Shora-kap-kok village. Here, in miniature, were the rock shelters and the famous cave-dwelling which we should have seen had we gone to Inwood Park. A brave is hollowing out a heavy dug-out canoe to be launched in the creek; hunters are sneaking out over the ledges with bow and arrow while others are already dragging their deer home. Squaws are "jerking" and smoking strips of meat against the winter, pounding

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maize into meal, carrying baskets full of fish up from the river, cooking in iron pots over open fires. There is a bark hut that must have leaked like a sieve in heavy rains, and the long-house where councils were held. In the rear half of this case is a collection of stone and bone implements found in the Inwood vicinity.

The foodstuffs caught my eye next, all arranged so neatly in little glass saucers. Seeds, nuts, meal, dried leaves for tea and other varieties for smoking, chokecherries pounded to a pulp, dried and pulverized, to be used as sauce in the winter, smoked clams resembling particularly tough leather, dried caterpillars, to be cooked a few minutes in boiling water and eaten with grease—a savory dish, that! “I think the Indians must have been philosophers,” I confided to John as we moved on. “Their minds must have been on ‘higher things’ than food.”

Surely there was some aspiration toward beauty when a people who had to strive so hard for sufficient food and shelter and clothing would take the time to fashion such prosaic things as porcupine quills into ornamental belts and bands. I was far more interested in that display than in the beadwork in the adjoining case, although I can imagine with what glee the Indians seized upon beads when the white men introduced them—in fact, at last I could understand why beads figured so importantly in the early land sales. But the quillwork was an art they had created themselves, and truly beautiful work they did, too. Some, not satisfied with the coarse porcupine quills, had turned to the finer bird quills, and even used tiny threads of corn husk.

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Wampum has always fascinated me, and this museum has a notable collection of it. Here are wampum belts for all occasions—condolence belts, war belts, belts of friendship confirming treaties, those presented to William Penn—also wampum strings of notification. Other floor cases (which are arranged by subject rather than by tribe) show metalwork, stone implements, noisemakers, war bundles and sacred bundles, charms, prayersticks, scalps, and so on. The same sort of material arranged by tribes is found in the cases that line the walls; and the entire West Hall on this floor is devoted to the Eskimo tribes.

In the hallway from which the stairs ascend we paused at the life-like model of the Chippewa Indians of northern Michigan, busy with the Spring task of making maple sugar. Then we went up to the second floor, where the East Hall contains the Archaeology of North American Indians, arranged in cases classified by states. In the New York exhibit are reproduced two graves just as they were unearthed—one of a woman on Staten Island, another of a dog buried on upper Manhattan. Among the Florida collections we were particularly interested in the shell ornaments and the clay figurines.

Going through to the West Hall we found the Indians in their lighter moments, evinced here by their playing cards of hide—and very jaunty were their kings and queens and jacks, or whatever they called them. The West Hall deals with the Ethnology of the Northwest Coast, California, and the Desert Southwest.

As we went on to the third floor I had to stop to examine the Navajo blankets at the foot of the stairs, and

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the blanket on the opposite wall, woven of mountain-goat wool on a warp of cedar bark. Its conventionalized design in dull, pale shades of green was very attractive. And at the head of the stairs on the third floor was a blanket such as I had never before seen, made entirely of pelican skins.

The West Hall of the third floor is given over to the Archaeology of Mexico, Central America and the West Indies, and important among these displays is the noted collection of prehistoric gold objects. When I first glanced at the delicate beads and threads of pure gold I thought immediately of the marvelous Etruscan jewelry we had seen at the Metropolitan, and I was about to remark proudly that the Indians of our Western World weren't so far behind the craftsmen of ancient Europe after all! A closer inspection, however, proved disappointing, for their design and execution were sadly wanting by comparison.

"But look at this!" John urged, turning my attention to the terra cotta vase which occupies a case of its own in the very center of the hall. "This would hold its own anywhere." No one could quarrel with the workmanship here, certainly. The vase is about ten inches high, and its entire surface is carved in designs robust yet graceful.

Just beyond is one of the most important collections in the whole museum—the Mexican mosaics, where wooden shields, masks and ceremonial objects were incrustated with precious and semi-precious stones such as turquoise, malachite, jadeite, beryl, and garnet. Only forty-one specimens of this art which was highly developed in prehis-

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toric America have survived; of these this museum has eighteen, and the others are in European museums—probably taken there during the earliest period of the Spanish discovery and conquest, very likely by Cortez himself.

The East Hall on this floor has dramatic contrasts of horror and beauty. Here (in Case 366) are the human heads which the Jivaro head-hunters used to fill with hot sand and pebbles and shrink to doll-size. In fact, they are so small that one could look at them without a qualm, quite believing that they had never sat on human shoulders, if it were not for the luxuriant heads of hair. One I know will haunt me for years—a woman's head, with long thick hair, graying and softly waved. There are two other very rare specimens in the horror line here—men shrunk down to a height of not more than thirty inches. A little farther along (in Case 361) are some of the preserved human heads so prized by the Mundurucu tribes—justly known as the "Decapitators". These are, if possible, still more gruesome; they are still life-size, the false eyes are hideous caricatures in gum and shells, and hanging out of their mouths are the ends of string by which they were suspended from the proud warrior's roof.

We turned our backs on them, seeking an antidote—and found it in feathers! Headdresses and coats of feathers, prayersticks, wands, and all manner of charms and ornaments of feathers, even good-sized ponchos completely feathered. All the rainbow hues were used in pleasing combinations, and the effect was gay and vivid.

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Near by was a mantle of vicuña wool with silver threads interwoven; with three hundred threads to the inch, it represents the highest achievement of the Incas in the art of weaving.

"We could spend days here and not see everything," John said at last, "but if we're going to have our bus-ride down Riverside Drive we'd better hurry along while the daylight lasts."

We walked over to the Drive and hailed a downtown bus. It carried us along the curving roadway, with the wide Hudson on our right, backed by the Palisades. A belt of parkway with winding walks among its shrubs and trees covers the slope between the roadway and the railway tracks along the river's edge. These are disfiguring, with their grimy freight trains chugging along. The river shore is lined with docks and floats. There are many boat clubs here, and in the summer their little craft must make the river gay. Crossing the viaduct at 125th Street (and oh! why was that hideous gas tank allowed to thrust itself into view just here?), the Drive branches to left and right around the little hill and the white frame building of Claremont. The ground on which it stands was part of the property bought from Nicholas de Peyster by George Pollock in 1799. It has passed through many hands since then, and the present house is believed to have been built by Michael Hogan in 1808. Turned into a restaurant, in the gay 90's it was a famous resort of the "sporting element" of New York, who drove their spanking teams this long way from the center of the town, and refreshed themselves from the Claremont's excellent kitchen and

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wine cellars. From a pool on the lawn, patrons might catch their own trout, and later consume them at their ease. Many were the dashing parties assembled there (they would probably seem tame enough by our modern standards!), and no "nice" young girls were allowed to risk contamination by stopping long enough for even a cup of tea! A few years ago the City took over the management of the restaurant, which the motor-car age had long left behind in the search for roadhouses farther afield. It is now open during the summer as a moderate-priced restaurant, where families most respectable resort for luncheon, tea, or dinner.

"Let's get off and have a look around," said John, so we dismounted, and stood looking northward at the incomparable sweep of the Hudson, spanned by the George Washington Bridge, and guarded by the Palisades. We wandered around the grounds of Claremont, and paused by the little gravestone with its touching inscription, "To the Memory of an Amiable Child". The child of George Pollock lies there, having fallen from the cliff into the river and drowned.

To the south of Claremont rises the awkward outline of Grant's Tomb—the unfortunate result of a politically awarded competition in design; and beyond, on the east side of the Drive, stands the Riverside Church. It is popularly known as the "Rockefeller Church" since John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has given so much to it. Modelled on Chartres Cathedral, it is an impressive gray stone building; and here on Saturday afternoons from five o'clock to six, and on Sundays from four to five, may

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be heard the beautiful carillon which Mr. Rockefeller gave in memory of his mother. We went up into the church, and as soon as we stepped inside the narthex our eyes fastened on the pair of lancet windows at the east end. They are Flemish glass of the 16th century, originally placed in a cathedral in Bruges, and are the only old glass in the church.

Vari-colored lights fell on the stone pillars of the nave as the last rays of sunlight came through the high clerestory windows. These are copies of windows in the Chartres Cathedral and were made for Riverside Church by the people who have for years been repairing the glass at Chartres—unfortunately the effect here is not the same, for no allowance was made for the bright sunshine of New York. Two studios in Boston were responsible for the other windows in the church proper, and the differences between the 16th century Flemish glass, the duplicates of the medieval French, and that made now in America make an interesting study.

From the length of the nave we looked down to the altar and the delicately carved reredos, stained glass gleaming like jewels behind the slender Cross and twelve lighted candles. The reredos is unusual in shape, filling seven arches which form a semi-circle, and carved in it are the figures of eighty men and women, some Biblical characters and some outstanding in secular history—such as Abraham Lincoln, Booker T. Washington, Florence Nightingale, and General William Booth.

A quiet, intimate little chapel opens to the south of the narthex, and unlike the French Gothic style of the

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rest of the church, 11th century Romanesque is used here. The coloring is warmer, the reredos more simple, and the windows are all by D'Ascenzo, whose work is seen in many of the newer churches in New York.

We could not resist a trip up into the Carillon Tower where hangs the largest carillon bell in the world—weighing over twenty tons. All the bells were cast in Croydon, England, and the smallest one weighs only half as many pounds as the largest weighs tons. As if we had not done enough walking today, we could not be satisfied until we had climbed the two more short flights above the console room to the observation promenade at the tip of the tower, and there we found a superb view of the northern part of the city.

Coming out, we walked on to the Tomb, and stepped inside to see the red granite coffins of General Grant and his wife, where they rest side by side at the bottom of a central orifice.

Then we resumed our ride on the top of a bus, and continued downtown. At 103rd Street I pointed out to John the Master Institute building, where on the second floor is hung the vast collection of paintings which Nicholas Roerich brought back from his long expedition to the Orient. A "Panorama of the East" it is called, and the paintings deal with the folk lore and legends, as well as the landscape, of India, Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia, and Tibet. The Hall of the East, on the first floor, is a replica of a Tibetan library, and everything in the room—the woodcarving, the Tibetan paintings, the ancient

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books, the jewelled images—was brought here from the Orient.

Farther down the Drive we passed the slender Greek temple which is the memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War. At 74th Street, surrounded by lawns and fenced with high iron palings, is the Charles M. Schwab mansion, copied from a famous French château. The bus follows 72nd east to Broadway, and then turns south to 57th Street, giving us in passing a glimpse of the 59th Street entrance of Central Park, with its pink marble memorial of the battleship *Maine*, blown up in Havana harbor in 1898. The entrance to the Park is on Columbus Circle, with a statue of Columbus in the center; and from it radiate like the spokes of a wheel 59th Street, Broadway, and Eighth Avenue. On Broadway from 59th to 57th Street we were in the center of the automobile district, and on both sides great showroom windows displayed the latest models in gleaming motor-cars.

Travelling eastward on 57th Street, we passed the National Academy of Design, where are held the Spring and Autumn exhibitions of the work of the Academicians. It is just west of Seventh Avenue, and on the southeast corner is Carnegie Hall, where all the great musicians of the world come at some time to play or sing. Near Sixth Avenue, on the north side of the street, is the handsome new Steinway Hall which has succeeded the old one on 14th Street. From Sixth Avenue to Fifth, we were back again among the smart dress shops and milliners, where I had "window-shopped" the day before. Then the bus

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turned into Fifth Avenue, and in a short time we were at home.

That night we dined at the French Casino—a most amusing place. The old Winter Garden Theater has been turned into a restaurant by the process of removing the seats, and placing tables in their stead. There, sitting at comparative ease (for it was a little too crowded for complete comfort), we ate a very good dinner, and watched an excellent revue. There were enough unclad lovely maidens to have shocked our grandmothers, some striking stage effects, and a number of really amusing skits. And all this at a moderate price! Well content with our day, we went to bed.

The Seventh Day

NOTE: Those who would not care for so long a day might take either of the following afternoon trips:—(1) I.R.T. west side subway, Van Cortlandt Park express, to 242nd St. and visit Van Cortlandt Mansion. The same subway back to 207th St. and visit Dyckman House at Broadway and 204th St. I.R.T. subway back to 116th St. and attend 4:30 P.M. service at Riverside Church, Riverside Drive at 121st St., or I.R.T. subway back to 110th St. and attend choral service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (2) Third Ave. Elevated to Botanical Garden station and visit Botanical Garden. Walk or taxi to Zoological Park. From there taxi to Poe Cottage, Grand Concourse at 192nd St. Street car or taxi to Hall of Fame, Sedgwick Ave. and 181st St. Take Lexington Ave. subway downtown from Burnside Avenue Station.

SUNDAY—OUR LAST day in New York—we had reserved for the outlying parks, Van Cortlandt and the Bronx, and had decided to treat ourselves to the extravagance of a car, since this was the only means by which all the points of interest could be reached in the allotted time.

So, on a morning of crisp, clear sunshine, we set out. As we followed Madison Avenue uptown, its shining garments dropped away, and above the district of smart shops and apartment houses it emerged bedraggled and down at heel. The last mark of distinction appears on the corner of 94th Street, where stands the Armory of

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"Squadron A", a militia cavalry organization long famous in New York society. Around 100th Street lies a Spanish and Latin-American quarter, full of dark-skinned folk passing in and out of the shops where the signs are in Spanish, and talking gravely among themselves in the same tongue. At 138th Street we crossed the Harlem River, the small winding stream that makes an island of Manhattan, and at the end of the bridge we turned into Exterior Street. "What a pleasant name!" I exclaimed.

"That's the Polo Grounds," said our chauffeur, pointing across to the west side of the river, "where so many of the big games are played."

"Gosh, we'll have to time our next visit to take in the baseball season!" John exclaimed.

To the north of the Polo Grounds a wide driveway followed the riverbank. "There's the celebrated Speedway," the chauffeur told us, "where in the old days all the famous trotters and other fast horses were driven by the sporting men. It was a great sight, they say."

Exterior Street merged into Sedgwick Avenue, and all too soon the Hall of Fame Terrace led off to the right. We left the car at one of the entrances and walked across the New York University campus toward the buildings at the west side, behind which sweeps the colonnade of the Hall of Fame. As we traversed the long open-air corridor, where a view of the Harlem Valley and the distant Palisades is framed by every arch, it seemed to us an eminently suitable place for commemorating the men and women who were leaders in all lines of human endeavor. There are memorials to authors, educators,



Photo by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

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preachers and theologians, philanthropists, reformers, scientists, engineers, inventors, lawyers and judges, actors, painters and sculptors, as well as to statesmen and soldiers and sailors. In the busts we recognized the work of illustrious sculptors, including Houdon, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, Lorado Taft, Chester Beach, and Robert Aitken, among others.

There are spaces for one hundred and fifty memorials, but not all are filled yet, nor will they be until about the year 2000. The Hall of Fame was begun in 1900, when twenty-nine tablets and busts were placed, and at five-year intervals, after nominations and elections, more are added. Every American is a shareholder in the Hall of Fame, for in the year of the quinquennial election the public is invited to present names for the preliminary nominations. New York University regards itself as only the trustee of this gift to the American people, and there is an elaborate electoral system with a College of Electors made up of distinguished and representative members from every State in the Union.

Eventually there will be a museum established in the rooms below the colonnade, with collections of letters, books, portraits, and other important mementoes of those whose names are inscribed above, and in years to come this will constitute a valuable collection of Americana.

Returning to the motor, we drove east along 181st Street to the Grand Concourse and then turned north. "What a pity," remarked John, "that with a great, wide boulevard like this, they couldn't do anything better than give it a pompous name, and fill it with hideous apart-

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ment houses." Indeed it is a dreary length! We soon reached Fordham Road, however, and as we turned east on it I craned my neck for a glimpse of the Poe Cottage, up at 192nd Street on the Concourse. It was to that little white-shingled, green-shuttered cottage that Edgar Allan Poe took his lovely Virginia in the spring of 1846, and it was there that she died the following winter.

We passed the buildings of Fordham University and soon drew up in front of the entrance to the Bronx Zoological Park. Here again we left the car, and when we told the driver that we were planning to have luncheon at the Rocking Stone Restaurant within the park, he suggested bringing the car to meet us at an entrance adjacent to the restaurant.

John and I struck off briskly southward in the direction of the animal buildings. It was a truly lovely walk. After the buildings, subways, museums, and sophistications of the city, the naturalness of this woodland, with its rocky hills and winding brooks, was most refreshing. We passed many parties of strollers, and as we approached the buildings the numbers increased to crowds. We could well understand what a refuge this park must be to apartment-dwellers, and within its two hundred and sixty-one acres there is room for all.

"The 'poor city children' who never saw a cow or a pig aren't so badly off, after all," John commented. "What wouldn't the country children give to see these marvelous creatures from all over the world!" We had reached the Central Court, where sea-lions were disporting themselves in the pool, and the big Flying Cage was

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alive with pelicans, ducks and gorgeous flamingos, diving joyously into their own pool and then coming out to jabber among themselves. A raucous mingling of screeches and whistles issued from the Aviary, and when we went inside I was simply amazed to find that the exotic birds-of-paradise were the chief contributors to the bedlam! How such harsh noises can come from such exquisite birds I don't understand. The twenty-six here constitute a group such as is duplicated in no other zoo, and John almost had to drag me away from them at last. A strange contrast from these little bundles of feathers are the lions in the next house; with their dinner hour approaching, those superb great cats were pacing their cages restlessly, snarling now and again with impatience.

Then on to the Primate House, where the monkeys were playing tag and little monkey mothers were nursing their young, while across the way big orang-outans leapt around their cages and swung on the bars, "showing off" to a delighted audience. Most of the apes were begging diligently, but one here and there sat motionless as a Buddha, simply waiting, a gnarled hand outstretched through the bars. "Let's go on somewhere else," I said to John suddenly. "A place like this always gets me to wondering if the right ones are behind the bars!"

So we went out into the sunshine again, visited the Elephant House, and strolled south to the next range, crossing the meandering Bronx River and detouring a little to the left to see the beaver pond. In the next group of buildings the Reptile House was the one that, to my

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surprise, held me the longest. For I am one of those who shriek and run instinctively at sight of a snake, and I suffered myself rather unwillingly to be led into a house full of the dread creatures. But the colors and patterns of their skins, their sinuous grace, so entranced me that I truly forgot they were snakes, and that some of the most beautiful were also the most deadly. Their compartments—or cages—are most attractively arranged, with trees for the varieties that like to loop themselves around branches, sand for the ones that normally sun themselves on the desert, tanks for the water moccasins, and so on. Some of the rarest and deadliest in the world are here, and the Zoological Society does more than merely exhibit them to a curious public. Dr. Raymond Ditmars, curator of mammals and reptiles since the founding of the Zoo, has done a great deal of valuable research with his reptile specimens. With the aid of other scientists, a serum for snake bites was developed which has saved over a quarter of a million lives in the last twenty years or so.

Before going to the restaurant, we circled around through some of the other animal houses where rare specimens like the aardvark, bongo, giant anteater, Australian wombat, together with the more familiar giraffes and kangaroos, set one to wondering about the dawn of the world. Then we visited the bears in their open-air dens and so came to the Rocking Stone Restaurant. Its wide porches and dining rooms were most inviting.

After luncheon we were content to settle back com-

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fortably in the car and enjoy the drive over to the Botanical Garden. "The parks that you missed in the middle of the city are certainly compensated for in this great tract," John remarked, as we rode alongside the Zoological Park and then entered the spacious drive that winds through the Botanical Garden Park. Here more landscaping has been done, and shrubbery and flowerbeds and wide lawns make a park as charming in its cultivated way as the other was in its natural state. The domed roofs of the hothouses lend an elegant "mauve decade" air.

Our driver deposited us at the entrance of Range 1, the main exhibition group. We went first into the house where seasonal flowers and plants were blooming in gay profusion, transferred here from Range 2 where they were grown and where experiments in transplanting and hybridization are always being carried on. The attendant told us that Range 2 was out of sight, to the northeast, but that the buildings were open to the public. I can imagine what a mecca the place must be for garden club members. We took a side-trip into the desert in the cactus house—an unlovely plant, to my way of thinking, yet its manifold and grotesque forms stir the imagination and set one to asking "Why?" just as the strange animals do back in the Zoo. Then we penetrated the heart of the tropics, going through the long succession of houses where palms reach up to the high glass roofs, and luxuriant, flowering vines twine around trees and over shrubs. I enjoyed the chance to see growing the trees from which we get our coffee, cocoa, cinnamon, rub-

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ber, and so on, and I liked the hot moist air. "What fun it would be to come here on a bitter wintry day, with a blizzard raging outside maybe, and just step into this tropical heat!" I exclaimed. But John muttered something prosaic about "your death of cold", and when we went outside I did find myself pulling my coat collar higher, though it had seemed a fine warm day before.

From Range 1 we looked north to the Museum Building, wherein is a museum of systematic botany; a museum of economic botany, exhibiting hundreds of plants and plant products utilized in the arts, sciences, and industries; and a museum of fossil botany. It was a wonder to me that John did not insist upon a visit there, for he rather fancies himself as an amateur geologist, but with remarkable docility he followed me back to the car, and we were soon speeding off in the direction of Van Cortlandt Park.

What used to be the farm of the Van Cortlandts is now an 1,132-acre public park, with riding trails and winding motor roads, golf course and athletic fields. The hillsides are still wooded, and it made a beautiful place for a Sunday afternoon drive. The Mansion is in the southwestern corner of the Park, and the square old house of stone and rubble masonry with facings of Dutch brick at doors and windows, still looks much as it did when it was first built in 1748 by Frederick Van Cortlandt. "I am so glad," I said to John, "that there are no buildings crowding near to mar its dignity." In its park-setting, it retains the full flavor of Colonial days when it afforded hospitality to such distinguished guests as Rochambeau, George Wash-

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ington, and the Duke of Clarence who was later King William IV. In front the lawns are terraced down to a stately garden, effective always with its clipped hedges and sculptured fountain, and riotous with color in Spring when the tulips bloom.

We entered the house through the divided Dutch door with its heavy old-fashioned knocker, and while the furnishings within are not the original ones, they are of that period—late 17th and early 18th centuries. The East Parlor is filled with the treasures that warm the heart of the antiquarian, and the West Parlor, which was once used by Washington as his office, is now furnished as a dining room. A "thousand-legged" table stands in the center, set with pewter plates and bowls and jugs, as well as pewter knives and two-tined forks; and the fireplace is flanked by cupboards containing specimens of Wedgwood, Whielden, and Staffordshire.

On the second floor are three spacious chambers. The Monroe Room was the master's bedroom, opening on both the front and the back stairs, and across the hall is the room that Washington occupied the night before Evacuation Day. The room that interested us most was the Dutch bedroom at the rear, where the first thing we noticed was the enormous Delft-tiled fireplace, with the tiling continued around the room as a baseboard; then the cradle, and the hand-carved clothes press brought from Holland in 1656. Looking for the bed, we suddenly realized that the huge cupboard-like affair on our left was it! An amazing object to modern eyes is that high bedstead, with steps leading up to the low doors—

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it must have been an art, maintaining dignity as one crawled through them! One has to think back to days when bedrooms were not warmed at all and icy draughts blew through outer walls. In the Van Cortlandt mansion every room was luxurious with its own fireplace, and in each chamber one sees the inevitable brass warming pan, but even so it must have been a cold place when winter storms howled down from the north.

Outside we stepped around to the east of the house to inspect the barred window taken from the old Rhineland Sugar House which was turned into a prison during the Revolution. Then we rambled northward a bit, looking toward the little hill that played its part in American history. The Van Cortlandt burial vault was here, and when the British captured New York in 1776 Augustus Van Cortlandt, then city clerk, brought the municipal records up here and hid them safely in the vault. It was on this hill too, in 1781, that Washington caused bonfires to be lighted, misleading the British into thinking that the army was encamped here, while in reality it was moving south to join Lafayette at Yorktown and engage in the last battle of the Revolution. During the World War, troops were encamped on this field between the house and the hill while awaiting transportation to France.

Coming out of the park, our chauffeur called our attention to a series of cricket fields stretching back from the Broadway boundary. "Since when have New Yorkers gone in so heavily for cricket?" inquired John. The chauffeur explained that they were largely used by the

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West Indian negroes from the British-owned islands. It evoked an exotic picture—these dark-skinned men from the tropics, practising so peculiarly English a sport!

From Broadway we turned west on Dyckman Street and swung into the upper end of Riverside Drive. This was a part we had not seen before. The Drive curves beneath the heights of Fort Tryon Park, and continues along the river, passing under the superb span of the George Washington Bridge. A little to the south rise the massed buildings of the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center. Soon we were on familiar ground once more, with Claremont and the Riverside Church before us. "Shall we go to the afternoon service here, or in the Cathedral?" John asked.

"Oh, the Cathedral. It is our only chance of seeing it—and the choral service is very beautiful, I'm told," was my answer. So to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine we went.

We entered at the west front where massive gold-plated bronze doors fill the central portal. Inside, the spaciousness of the nave reminded us of the story some friends of ours had told, after going to the Cathedral for a choral service. They said that they went in and were greatly impressed by the size and architectural beauty of the place, but they didn't see anyone around and were about to leave, thinking they had mistaken the hour for the service. But their curiosity was aroused by the wooden wall at the far end, which seemed so out of keeping with the rest of the place that they went down to investigate. And only then did they realize that they

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had seen merely the Nave of this great cathedral, and that beyond the temporary wooden wall lay the Crossing and Sanctuary and all the Chapels of the Tongues! When completed, this will be the third largest cathedral in the world, surpassed only by St. Peter's in Rome and the one in Seville. The distance from the western front to the High Altar at the east is more than a tenth of a mile.

We were glad that we had arrived early and had a chance to wander around a bit before the service began. The Crossing cannot help having a makeshift air at present, with temporary walls on the sides which will eventually open into transepts, but so beautiful are the Choir and Sanctuary that our attention did not linger on the Crossing, except to admire the exquisitely carved pulpit and gaze up at the Barberini tapestries on the walls. One is a map of the Holy Land, the others show scenes in the life of Christ. They were originally designed for the throne room of the Barberini Palace at Rome and were woven on the papal looms in the first half of the 17th century.

In the Choir the half-round arches and other Romanesque and Byzantine features recall the architectural troubles that the Cathedral has undergone. The original Romanesque was after a few years abandoned for the Gothic, and although for a while a confusion of styles was feared, the plans have now been adjusted so that French Gothic will prevail throughout.

As would be expected, the decoration is rich in symbolism. We found repeatedly the eagle and the chalice with the emerging serpent, the symbols of St. John. Even

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in the color sequences of the pavements there is symbolism: in the Ambulatory the colors are reddish, earthy, with grassy-green borders, while in the ascents of the Choir and Sanctuary choice marbles are combined with Grueby tiles in mosaics where the predominant colors progress from green and white (hope and purity) to green, white and blue (hope, purity and heaven) until, at the steps of the altar, pure white is attained. In the Sanctuary pavement John called my attention to the square reddish tile set off by a brass border; it came from the Church of St. John the Divine at Ephesus, built by the Emperor Justinian over the traditional site of St. John's grave. We also took pains to identify the Magna Charta stones, the three round blocks of grayish stone that form the supporting shaft of the credence table at the right of the altar. They are from the ruins of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, where the English Barons met in 1214 and swore to secure from King John the liberties embodied in the Magna Charta.

The Choir and Sanctuary are of course the most nearly finished parts of the Cathedral at present, and there is such a wealth of detail here that we scarcely knew what to look at first. There are the beautifully carved choir stalls, with figures of eminent musicians and composers of church music forming the finials; the eagle lectern of bronze which is a replica of one found in a lake near St. Albans Cathedral in England, probably lost there when the invading Saxons destroyed the church; the High Altar and the graceful reredos where a Spanish embroidery, its colors soft and mellow with two hundred

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years, fills the long panel below the carved figures. The superb windows depict the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and not only are they beautiful individually, but more strikingly so by their juxtaposition. The brilliance of the *Christ Reigning in Glory*, the center one, is heightened by the deep, somber tones of *The Seven Last Plagues* at the right, and that in turn is intensified by the contrasting radiance of *The Woman in the Sun*. These, and all the other clerestory windows of the Choir, were made by Powell of London, according to the methods used in 13th century painted glass.

The seats in the Crossing were rapidly filling for the service, but John and I took a few more minutes to circle the Ambulatory. I wanted to stand close beside one of those immense granite columns that are reckoned among the marvels of the cathedral. They are fifty-five feet high, and each one weighs one hundred and thirty tons. They were quarried as monoliths near Vinalhaven, Maine, and turned on a specially constructed lathe, but the first ones broke under the pressure of polishing and it was therefore decided to make each shaft in two parts. We took fleeting glimpses into the seven Chapels of the Tongues, each one perfect in its individual style, and paused a moment at the tomb of Bishop Horatio Potter, immediately behind the High Altar in the place traditionally reserved for the Founder's Tomb. Then it was time to take our seats—and they were chairs, not pews, for according to the charter all the seats in the Cathedral are free and unreserved.

The beautiful choral music more than fulfilled all the

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glowing accounts we had heard about it, and in a mood of exaltation we followed the dispersing congregation out of doors. But we could not bring ourselves to return to the car and mundane traffic quite yet. Instead we strolled around the close where smooth lawns surround the Cathedral and its affiliated buildings. The French Gothic château is the Bishop's House and eventually it will be connected with the cathedral by cloisters, and by a vaulted porch with the Deanery, immediately to the east. The Choir School is still farther to the east. Boys come here at the age of nine, from all over the United States and its possessions, and remain until their voices change, receiving their education and musical training in return for their services as choristers. At the southwest corner of the close is the Synod House, and beside it is St. Faith's House, the New York Training School for Deaconesses.

A few blocks away, on Morningside Drive at 114th Street, is l'Eglise de Notre Dame de Lourdes, which we had hoped to visit. We had heard how behind the white and gold altar the far wall of the church is of rough stone, hewn to simulate the grotto at Lourdes where the Virgin appeared to the peasant child. A friend had told us the lighting effect was unique. Out of the shadowy dimness of the grotto emerges the Virgin Mary shining pure and bright as the lilies at her feet.

Unfortunately the hour was late, and when we returned to the car it was to tell our driver to take us back to our hotel. We drove home by way of 110th Street and Fifth Avenue. The chauffeur was anxious that we should miss

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nothing of interest, and pointed out Peace House between 110th and 109th Streets, the Fifth Avenue Hospital at 105th Street, and a little lower down the big Mount Sinai Hospital which occupies two blocks. At 104th Street stands the Heckscher Foundation, built and endowed by August Heckscher as an institution for child welfare. It was here that Dr. John B. Watson carried out some of his experiments in "Behaviorism". "I wish we could see the charming little theater in there," I remarked. "You know it is decorated with murals by the Hungarian artist Willy Pogany, depicting scenes from fairy tales. It was designed as a children's theater, of course, but is used by adult amateur groups, such as the Amateur Comedy Club and The Snarks, as well." A block below, the Museum of the City of New York brought us back to the Fifth Avenue we already knew.

Back at our hotel, John asked, "And now, how shall we spend our last evening in New York?"

"Oh, dear, if it only weren't our last evening!" I sighed. "Let's have a delicious dinner somewhere, and then go to Carnegie Hall. There is a violin recital by a new Russian artist tonight."

A discussion of restaurants followed, in which we considered the Trianon Room at the Ambassador, the Colony, the Caviar, La Rue, and the King Cole Room at the St. Regis. They are all well known for the excellence of their cuisines, and we finally decided on the St. Regis, at 55th Street and Fifth Avenue, as the nearest to Carnegie Hall.

The dinner proved up to our expectations; and since

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we had dined early, we strolled uptown and across 57th Street to Carnegie Hall. This, like the Metropolitan Opera House, is a survival of an older day; but the great auditorium, with its tiers of boxes and towering balconies, lacks the charm of the Opera House, and succeeds only in being rather heavily dreary. However, the beauty of the music which soon began made us oblivious to any surroundings.

The concert ended, we returned to our hotel, and sat up late talking over our wonderful week, and lamenting that it was over, leaving still so many things unseen and undone. "Never mind," said John at last. "Those are all just so many reasons for coming back to New York as soon as we possibly can." And on that hopeful note we went at last to bed.

Suggestions for a Longer Stay

SITTING IN THE TRAIN next day, John and I solaced ourselves for the briefness of our visit by jotting down some of the places to see on our next visit to New York—which we were already planning.

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

Subway to Brooklyn, and surface car to Sands Street gate.

EDISON ELECTRIC PLANT, 14th Street and East River.

Get pass from Mr. Lawrence, 4 Irving Place.

FOREIGN DISTRICTS

Harlem (Negro)—West 132nd to West 136th Sts., Seventh to Lenox Aves.

Hungarian—Second Ave., East 2nd to East 15th Sts.

Irish—West 13th to West 24th Sts., west of Ninth Ave.

Russian—South of East 16th St., east of Third Ave.

Spanish-Cuban—West 110th to West 116th Sts., Fifth Ave. to Eighth Ave.

Swedish-Danish—East 43rd to East 49th Sts., east of Lexington Ave.

Syrian—Greenwich and Washington Sts., northwest of the Battery.

GARDENS OF THE NATIONS, RCA Building, Rockefeller Center.

HOSPITALS

Bellevue Hospital, 26th St. and East River.

Call at Training School Office, First Ave. between 26th and 27th Sts., for a guide.

New York Hospital and Cornell University Medical College, 69th St. and York Ave.

Telephone Miss Groome for appointment. Regent 4-6000.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A LONGER STAY

Presbyterian Hospital and Medical Center, 168th St. and Fort Washington Ave.

Telephone the Hospital Hostess for an appointment.
Wadsworth 3-2500.

MARKETS

Fulton Fish Market, South and Fulton Sts.

Harlem Market, 102nd-103rd Sts., First Ave. to East River.

Harlem Rag Market, 115th St. and East River.

West Washington Market, Eleventh Ave., West 14th to Gansevoort St.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 East 36th St.

Inquire by telephone for days open to the public.

Caledonia 5-0008.

MUSEUMS

Brander Matthews Museum (Drama), Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, West 117th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences, Eastern Parkway and Washington Ave., Brooklyn.

Gallery of Living Art, New York University, Washington Square East.

Museum of French Art, 22 East 60th St.

NEWSPAPERS (tour through plant)

Daily News, Daily News Building, 220 East 42nd St.

Telephone for reservation. Murray Hill 2-1234.

New York Times

Go to Times Annex (2nd floor), 229 West 43rd St., and ask for a guide. 9:30 and 11:00 A.M., 2:00 and 4:00 P.M., except Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays.

RACES (Spring and Autumn)

Aqueduct—via Long Island R. R., or bus.

Belmont—via Long Island R. R., or bus.

Empire City—via bus from Times Square.

Jamaica—via Long Island R. R.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

College of the City of New York, Convent Ave. and 139th St.

Columbia University, 116th St. and Broadway.

HOW DO YOU LIKE NEW YORK?

Fordham University, Fordham Road.

New York University, 179th-181st Sts. and Sedgwick Ave.

Washington Square branch—Washington Square East.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH BUILDING, 60 Hudson St.

Telephone Mr. Friedman for appointment. Worth 2-7300,
Ext. 654.

Spring and Summer Trips

BEACHES

Coney Island—via B.M.T. Subway, Brighton express.

Playland—via New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.
to Rye, N. Y.

Beaches reached by Long Island R. R.

Atlantic Beach.

Jones Beach (one of finest on Long Island; surf and
pool).

Long Beach.

The Lido.

BOAT TRIPS

Around Manhattan

From the Battery at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. Fare \$1.00.

Bear Mountain

From foot of West 42nd St. at 9:00 A.M., reaching New
York again at 7:00 P.M. Round trip fare \$1.00.

Sandy Hook

Leave foot of West 42nd St. at 9:00 A.M., 10:00 A.M.,
10:45 A.M. and 3:50 P.M. Round trip fare \$1.25.

DRIVES

Through the Holland Tunnel to New Jersey, north on Hud-
son Boulevard East and Palisade Avenue to the George
Washington Bridge, and back by way of Riverside Drive.

Across the Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights. Dinner on
the Bossert Hotel Roof (open June—September), with its
magical view of Manhattan and the harbor.

Suggestions for a Shorter Stay

"NOW THAT WE'VE planned for ourselves, how about drawing up suggestions for people who have only a few days to spend in New York?" said John, when we had completed our notes.

So we started to work again, with the following results.

A Two-Day Trip

FIRST DAY

Morning: Rockefeller Center. I.R.T. Subway from Grand Central Station to City Hall. St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity Church, Wall Street. Lunch at Fraunces Tavern.

Afternoon: The Aquarium. Boat to Statue of Liberty. I.R.T. Subway from Bowling Green to 28th Street. The Little Church Around the Corner. Empire State Building.

SECOND DAY

Morning: Metropolitan Museum. Lunch at Longchamps, 79th Street and Madison Avenue.

Afternoon: Crosstown bus on 79th Street to Planetarium at 81st Street and Central Park West. 3 o'clock lecture in the Planetarium; or a visit to the American Museum of Natural History. Taxi to Riverside Drive, and then a bus (No. 5, 8, or 19) up the Drive and back.

A Four-Day Trip

FIRST DAY

Morning: Rockefeller Center. Other midtown buildings—St. Thomas' Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Chrysler Building,

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Daily News Building, or Public Library. Fifth Avenue bus (No. 1, 2, 5, or 19) to Washington Square. Lunch at Mori's, 144 Bleecker Street, or other Greenwich Village restaurants. Afternoon: Whitney Museum of American Art, or New School for Social Research. Walk or taxi to St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie. Stuyvesant Square, Gramercy Park, Union Square. Fifth Avenue bus to 28th Street. Little Church Around the Corner. Empire State Building.

SECOND DAY

Morning: I.R.T. Subway from Grand Central Station to City Hall. Visit City Hall, St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity Church, Wall Street. Walk down Broadway to Battery and visit Custom House and Aquarium. Boat to Statue of Liberty. Lunch at Fraunces Tavern.

Afternoon: Walk down Pearl Street to South Street. Visit Seamen's Institute. Walk to Hanover Square and take "El" from there to Chatham Square. Explore Chinatown, "Little Italy", the Ghetto. Third Avenue Elevated back to midtown.

THIRD DAY

Morning: Metropolitan Museum. Lunch at Longchamps, 79th Street and Madison Avenue.

Afternoon: Take Fifth Avenue bus (No. 4, Fort Washington Avenue) to Fort Tryon Park, thus seeing Riverside Drive, and Cloisters when finished. Same bus back, stopping at Riverside Church, or Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

FOURTH DAY

Morning: Frick Museum. Temple Emanu-El. Walk down Park Avenue. Lunch at The Waldorf-Astoria or other Park Avenue restaurants.

Afternoon: Eighth Avenue Subway to 81st Street. Visit Planetarium, or American Museum of Natural History. Taxi through Central Park back to midtown.

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